

ONE ENEMY ONLY—THE INVADER

To

GENERAL DE GAULLE
Spirit of French Resistance

PAUL SIMON

ONE ENEMY ONLY—THE INVADER

A Record of French Resistance

By

PAUL SIMON

Editor of the clandestine newspaper "Valmy"

With a Preface by

GENERAL DE GAULLE

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Translated by

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PREFACE

I TAKE pleasure in introducing to the public this book by a true Frenchman, recently come from France through great hazards. This frank, direct testimony about the German occupation of France is as free of pretension as it is free of artifice: it is the truth, spoken by a patriot. The story told by M. Paul Simon cannot be other than moving.

First, there is a picture of occupied Paris. The thousand traits which together make up the sad face of Paris, scenes and impressions, thoughts and sentiments, miseries and hopes, are all noted with the precision and observation natural to a lucid, well-informed man. There is also evidence of the faith and hope held by the French: faith in France, hope of liberation.

The author thinks and feels simply, as the people of Paris feel and think. These people have never faltered during France's trials, and from behind the blood-stained curtain, interposed between them and the rest of the world by the oppressor, they have found means to reveal proofs of their resolute resistance. They know the enemy for what he is. In consequence, they behave and fight with courage, with ingenuity, and with such poor means as cruel destiny has left them.

M. Paul Simon, courageous editor of a clandestine paper, lived in occupied Paris for a long time. Anonymous men and women pass across the pages of his story; they claim our admiration as representatives of all nameless fighters on the French front, and their name is legion. Honest Frenchmen and the friends of France will be grateful to M. Paul Simon for having revealed the true France, which is to-day suffering but militant, and to-morrow will be triumphant.

GENERAL DE GAULLE

CONTENTS

PREFACE

GENERAL DE GAULLE

PART ONE

	PAGE
I. On the Eve	11
II. The Germans enter Paris	12
III. Paris Occupied	15
IV. The Face of Paris	18
V. Germans in Paris	27
VI. The Army of Occupation	38

PART TWO

I. Poster Campaign	43
II. The Pentagon	47
III. <i>Valmy</i>	50
IV. How <i>Valmy</i> was written	56
V. How <i>Valmy</i> was distributed	64

PART THREE

I. Resistance	68
II. The Ashes of the Duc de Reichstadt	73
III. "Collaborators"	74
IV. Collaborationist Press	79
V. Clandestine Press	83
VI. Organising Underground Activity	87
VII. Prisons	90

CONTENTS

PART FOUR

	PAGE
I. Police, <i>Garde-Républicaine</i> , <i>Gendarmerie</i> , Fire Service	95
II. Anti-Bolshevik Legion	97
III. Political Parties	98
IV. Ex-Servicemen's Organisations	100
V. Students and Schoolchildren	103
VI. The Jews	104
VII. The Radio	108
VIII. Posters	110
IX. Public Health	112
X. Food, Clothes, Queues, Black Market	114

PART FIVE

I. The Zones	123
II. Occupied Zone	134
III. Unoccupied Zone	139
IV. What France is Thinking	144
V. France and the Allies	149

PART SIX

I. A Parisian Household	154
II. M ^{me} Machue	157
III. Obsession	160
IV. Sadism	163
V. Conclusions	165

ILLUSTRATIONS

GENERAL DE GAULLE	<i>Facing page 40</i>
A BID FOR COLLABORATION One of the flood of Nazi propaganda posters	41
THE FIRST NUMBER OF "VALMY" Fifty copies of this clandestine newspaper were distributed in January 1941	56
THE NAZI-CONTROLLED PRESS In the occupied zone, the newspapers are collaborationist, or they would not appear	57
THE GARE D'ORSAY The sign "To the Booking Hall" now appears in German. Outside the station is one of the S.V.P. taxis.	104
LES GRANDS BOULEVARDS At half-past one, the Carrefour Drouot is almost deserted. The few cars are German. Pedestrians are compelled to keep to the crossings, though the roads are empty.	105
ANTI-BRITISH POSTER Poster propaganda, like that of the radio, is directed primarily against Great Britain	120
SYMBOL OF RESISTANCE	121

PAUL SIMON

PAUL SIMON is not a hero. He is both hero and average Frenchman in one. Therein lies the great originality of Paul Simon and his book.

An average Frenchman, Paul Simon was just that during the last war. That is to say, he passed his youth flirting with death, by day and by night. He learned his lessons in blood and mire, in misery and glory. His destiny was that of most Frenchmen of his generation. At twenty, dead save for a short reprieve; at forty, still living, by a miracle. Moreover, *Poilu d'honneur* among all the unknown poilus, a volunteer for every dangerous mission, he returned from that hell without gold braid, but with two souvenirs: a wound of the utmost severity, from which he still suffers, and a decoration of the highest order, of which any mention still reddens his cheeks.

An average Frenchman, Paul Simon was still that between the two wars. That is to say, he had the frailty to say and think: "Never again." The butchery of war produced in him a sense of revulsion as great in degree as his fear of it had been small: in that he was right. But he took this revulsion itself for a doctrine, as if it were enough to inoculate against a disease merely by cursing, not by killing, the germ: in that he was wrong, and not only does he realise it better than anyone else, but more than that he has sworn that this time, "*on ne l'y prendrait plus.*"

An average Frenchman, Paul Simon was that again, above all else, when he saw his prostrate country holding out her arms to him. One morning he rose as usual. The previous day he had heard whispers that the Germans were at the gates of Paris, but how could he believe that which he could not imagine? Suddenly, he saw "his first Boche." He went and stared at him defiantly, sniffing

him out, so to speak. As a soldier, he knew the enemy. Then, on the instant, he became, became anew, a soldier. And what a soldier! At forty, as at twenty, he led the "Free Corps" he had formed. Soon, every moment of a prodigious existence was dedicated to one of those "dangerous missions" for which, in other days, he had always volunteered. A "dangerous mission" with neither beginning nor end. What "dangerous mission"? Listen to him: he is going to tell you himself the story of his squad which, alone and unarmed in the midst of German bayonets, tanks, machine-guns and artillery, quietly declared war, and waged war, on the invader.

With full, round head and pipe in mouth; often sad, but never to the degree of forgetting mirth; anxious, but never to the degree of losing confidence; you were born, my dear Paul, to lead an untroubled life under a cloudless sky. The Boche decided otherwise. So much the worse for you, but even more so for him! When we met my first concern, you will remember, was to get you to talk some of that Paris slang which you know well enough to teach at the Sorbonne, and is worth it. I laughed extra loudly because I was so deeply touched. Then, suddenly, I said to myself: "If a little luck and plenty of self-possession had not helped him to escape at the last moment, he would certainly have been shot, perhaps at dawn this very day, without any weakness, fear, or regret, crying, without mock-heroics, "Long live France!"

How simple for an average Frenchman to be so like a hero!

Le Porte Parole des Forces Françaises Libres

PART ONE

I

ON THE EVE

THE thirteenth of June 1940.

Six o'clock in the evening.

I left my office, deciding to walk home on this fine summer evening and stretch my legs. In the Champs Elysées the leaves were still a tender green. Clemenceau, on that rock brought from la Vendée, seemed to be striding towards the Arc de Triomphe, bathed in the bright rays of the setting sun.

I passed along the quays of the slow-flowing Seine, its waters touched by silver gleams. On the opposite bank, glistening with gold, loomed the majestic dome of the Invalides, beneath which Napoleon lies. I could see the Chambre des Députés and the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, with French flags flying. Through the gateways of the Louvre I caught a glimpse of the vivid flower beds in the Tuileries.

As I walked on, La Monnaie, the sombre façade of the Institut de France, and the Pont Neuf, were all ahead of me. Notre-Dame showed in the distance, and farther away still was the statue of St. Geneviève who watches over Paris.

* * * * *

Passers-by were few, vehicles rarer still. One might have thought it one of those August Sundays when Parisians have taken flight towards the mountains or the sea. I was almost surprised not to see in this deserted Paris long lines of coaches taking foreigners on sight-seeing tours.

I had the feeling that Paris was really mine, that it belonged to me alone.

Had it not been for the ugly rumours abroad, the sudden silencing of the radio the previous evening on a frenzied rendering of the *Marseillaise*, and the unexpected closing of the France d'Outre-Mer exhibition, heavens! how far away the war would have seemed.

I savoured the serenity of this Paris, so calm and so luminous. I thought how lovely the countryside must be, how abundant the harvest, how rich the fruit, how heady the wine. It seemed good to be alive.

How radiant to-morrow would be. . . .

II

THE GERMANS ENTER PARIS

THE fourteenth of June 1940.

Nine o'clock in the morning.

"Hullo, Fritz is here!"

Jean F—— stopped his car in the centre of the road and, looking over his spectacles through the rear window, replied:

"You're mistaken, it's a *garde mobile*."

"A *garde mobile*! I never knew one dressed like that before."

My friend, who since the beginning of the exodus from Paris had taken me from my home to the office in his car each day, pulled in to the kerb. We got out and walked towards the railings of the Invalides where an armed man in green uniform, with helmet and jack-boots, was directing the non-existent traffic by means of a small stick which ended in a red-centred white disk.

We went and looked at him defiantly.

We had to admit the evidence of our own eyes—he was a German policeman.

Fritz had certainly arrived. . . .

* * * * *

Though we had little faith in the communiqués assuring us that the German army was being "held" everywhere, we did think, nevertheless, that the enemy was still a hundred kilometres distant.

What we really felt, on that June morning, is not easily expressed.

Silently, we regained the car and went on our way. As we arrived at the level of the Pont Alexandre III another German policeman signalled us to stop, although Paris was deserted, with no traffic whatever except a few pedestrians who had preferred the city to flight. I, who had guarded German prisoners after being wounded in the last war, could not refrain from reflecting: "This is certainly the first time I ever obeyed a German!"

Alas, it was not to be the last time.

At the Nazi policeman's signal, we crossed the bridge and arrived at the Place de la Concorde, by way of the Cours la Reine. Another sight awaited us.

On the left-hand side of the Place, tanks, guns, machine-guns, lorries and ambulances were massed. Two cameramen were filming Paris firemen who were busy on a high ladder, hoisting the Nazi flag on the façade of the Ministère de la Marine.

I shall never forget the scene!

My heart was leaden. At one shattering blow I realised my country's defeat to the full. Paris, my loved Paris, where I was born and grew up; the city most dear to me of all the world; Paris, capital of art, of science, of elegance; Paris was befouled by the German jack-boot, invaded and occupied. It was as if, when stricken to the heart, the woman one adored had died in one's arms.

Time has passed since then, but I cannot recall this memory unmoved.

* * * * *

On the first day of the occupation, I was literally knocked out. I could not work. I could no longer concentrate, even on reading, and the desire to smoke was also gone.

From behind the windows of my office I watched the unending march past of Germans.

That evening, walking home, I met other troops. Occasionally the convoys came to a standstill in one of the squares and Parisians quickly formed an interested circle. The soldiers were questioned for some information about the state of affairs. I thought momentarily, seeing these groups of onlookers, that the people of Paris were going to collaborate with the enemy, but machine-guns on the streets and roofs, the institution of a food card with new restrictions, and the curfew at 9 p.m. quickly banished any illusions about the Nazi régime. Despite a bought press and a flood of propaganda posters, Parisians were unmoved.

The Armistice was signed. Three-fifths of France was occupied. The campaign of bluff and humbug began. Press, radio, films and posters were all employed.

Having been without news for several days, Parisians fell eagerly on the newspapers which reappeared, but they soon perceived the more glaring falsehoods of the "collaborators."

Le Matin gained the title of *Le menteur*, or Daily Liar, and the *Paris-Soir*, by a play of words, became *Pourris-soir*.¹ Listeners were soon disgusted by Radio-Boche. Propaganda posters were torn down and the news-reels were hissed. The Prefect of Police was forced to take stern measures and forbid all demonstrations in cinemas under threat of closing them.

The German soldiers frequented the cafés, mingled with the population, and ostentatiously surrendered their seats to women on the Métro. But the people of Paris remained firm in their rejection of collaboration.

The sorry procession of those returning from the exodus from Paris, when they were bombed and machine-gunned, was more positive evidence of German character than the smiles of a German soldier or the assumed correctness of his officers.

Freedom was suppressed and food rapidly became

¹ Pourrir=to decay, become rotten.

scarce. Prisons filled and informers flourished. The régime of servitude was established. The Germans soon began to behave like conquerors.

III

PARIS OCCUPIED

WHEN the Parisians refused to acquiesce in the Armistice, accepting neither collaboration nor the "hand of friendship," the army of occupation had no further need for restraint. Possibly fearing also that its warriors might become too gentle through contact with Parisians, the military administration in France adopted new measures.

Von Stuepnagel requisitioned the best and most handsome premises of the capital for his troops. In the same way, certain restaurants, cinemas, and even brothels, became classified, "No admission for civilians." The restaurants included *Le Wepler*, Place Clichy; *Le Viel*, Boulevard de la Madeleine; *La Terrasse*, Avenue Bosquet; *L'Alsace*, Avenue des Champs Elysées; and *La Brune*, Avenue de la Tour Maubourg. *La Brune* has kept its ladies' orchestra to play for these "gentlemen." Among the cinemas reserved exclusively for the German troops were *Le Rex*, on the Grands Boulevards, *Le Paris* and *Le Marignan* in the Avenue des Champs Elysées.

The German administration installed itself everywhere. The Chamber of Deputies became the headquarters of the Transport Service. In the Senate building a wireless station for "jamming" was set up. Sailors were billeted at the Air Ministry.

For fear of British air raids the occupation authorities requisitioned many hotels, either for troop billeting or for use of various administrative services. The Hotel Continental, which at one time housed the French censorship, and the Hotel Regina, headquarters of the Polish

Forces before the Armistice, now gave shelter to part of the German women's forces. Other hotels taken over included the *Majestic*, Avenue Kléber; *Edouard VII*, Avenue de l'Opéra; *Meurice*, Rue de Rivoli; *Grand Hôtel*, Place de l'Opéra; *Terminus St. Lazare*, Rue St. Lazare; *Ambassadors*, Boulevard Haussmann; *Astoria*, Avenue des Champs Elysées; *Carlton-Résidence*, Avenue des Champs Elysées; *Crillon*, Place de la Concorde; *Claridge*, Avenue des Champs Elysées; *Garnier*, Rue St. Lazare; *Grand Hôtel du Louvre*, Place du Palais Royal; *Lutétia*, Boulevard Raspail; *Mollard*, Rue St. Lazare; *Napoléon-Bonaparte*, Avenue de Friedland; *Normandy*, Rue de l'Echelle; *Palais d'Orsay*, Quai d'Orsay; *Hôtel de Paris*, Boulevard de la Madeleine; *Ritz*, Place Vendôme; *Savoy*, Rue de Rivoli; *Commodore*, Boulevard Haussmann; and many more.

German officers are billeted in such hotels as the *George V*, or in private flats previously tenanted by Jews or left vacant by wealthy people preferring life in the so-called free zone. They occupy virtually the whole of the aristocratic 16^e *arrondissement*. Those billeted in flats usually request the servants to remain, and in many cases the servants consent to avoid being out of a job. Wages, which have been increased, are paid by the officers.

The upholders of the Totalitarian régime, it will be noted, do not scorn the sumptuous abodes of the democracies.

In the apartment of Marshal Foch, which they have occupied, the Germans have slashed his portrait with swords. Let no one try to say that these ruffians behave correctly, or that they respect military courage.

Civil and military hospitals have also been requisitioned. The *Val de Grâce*, the *Bégin* at Vincennes, the *Percy* at Clamart, the *Lariboisière* in Paris, the *Beaujon* at Clichy, and the *St. Raphaël* and *Puccini* clinics have been taken over. There are also many others, but to list them would be tedious. It is worthy of note, however, that since the Russian campaign began the Germans have asked Vichy for permission to send casualties to hospitals in unoccupied

France. According to the newspapers some are now at Cannes.

The strength of the army of occupation cannot be assessed very easily. It has been estimated that in Paris, in particular, there were three divisions originally, reduced now to two. To this figure the necessary administrative and other staffs must be added. When I left Paris the occupation troops were mainly young recruits, sixteen or seventeen year olds, finishing their training, or greybeards. A friend assured me that he had even seen hunchbacks.

The women's military units, as numerous as the regular army, wear a grey costume which is quite becoming. They act as secretaries, shorthand-typists and telephonists. Then there are the nurses, quite as numerous, whose uniform is neither attractive nor elegant. Lastly, there are German civilians from across the Rhine who have fled from British air raids on Berlin, Bremen, and Hamburg.

Many officers have their families with them, and German workers are engaged in Paris factories. Groups of the Hitler Youth Movement spend holidays in Paris.

How is it possible to tell at a glance a German woman from a Frenchwoman? The first buys everything to the detriment of the second. How many times I have seen German women on the underground wearing frocks in the French colours.

No imagination is needed to understand how this swarming mass, pushing and jostling in the streets, restaurants, and theatres, provokes Parisians beyond measure.

Think of London if all who can be seen in uniform, including women, were German. That will give an idea of life in Paris to-day.

Such is "occupation."

IV

THE FACE OF PARIS

EXCEPT for dance-halls, places of entertainment in Paris are all open. To obtain seats for the *Opéra* and *Opéra Comique* it is necessary to book immediately the presentations are announced. On Sundays queues form outside the cinemas and it is not unusual for them to be fifty yards long. Either French films or German propaganda films are shown.

At first old French films were revived. There was Fernandel to cheer one up; *Les Trois Valses*, which one can always see again with pleasure; and *Remontons les Champs Elysées*, with Sacha Guitry, now a "collaborator." In connection with this particular film, M. Sacha Guitry, its author, star, producer and business manager, had a somewhat unhappy experience. In it he plays the part of a schoolmaster and while giving a history lesson, M. Guitry, who has a pretty wit, says, referring to Mazarin:

"Nobody knows why France always retains foreigners whom she does not need."

The pupils roar with laughter at this witty thrust—and the audience, too, but for a very different reason. M. Sacha Guitry, obviously, did not foresee the war, the invader, his own collusion with the enemy, or that he would raise a laugh at his own expense.

Some new French films appeared, the most notable being Marcel Pagnol's *La Fille du Puisatier*, with Raimu. This was not a bad film, but it certainly fell short of what one expects from Marcel Pagnol. In its ending a completely ridiculous scene was incorporated. To point a moral, the characters were shown listening to Marshal Pétain's first speech booming from a loud-speaker, and they became reconciled in consequence. This ludicrous effort, showing that Marcel Pagnol had joined the "collaborators," did not please French audiences. Possibly

this will be his last film, for he has lost his sight, following the explosion of a retort in his laboratory.

Françoise Rosay is making no more films. Louis Jouvet is now a "collaborator," as is Harry Baur, who, it is said, had to pay 200,000 francs to the authorities before being allowed to reappear on the screen.

Charles Trenet is in disfavour with the Germans. He is of Jewish ancestry.

The cabarets still enjoy the same success. The *chansonniers*, with few exceptions, are decidedly against collaboration. The slightest allusion to the Germans is sure of applause. Martini is considered a "collaborator" because of the unpleasantly significant Hitler salute he gives each evening.

At every show Martini began his turn with two Nazi salutes at shoulder level. The Germans in the audience greeted this with hearty applause, but Parisians remained icily frigid. His third salute, however, was made by raising his hand higher, with the remark: "Where I live there is muck as high as that." This gave the cue for Parisians to applaud wildly while the Germans sat silent. Martini is witty enough, but he is a "collaborator" nevertheless.

One well-known *chansonnier* in a boulevard cabaret never failed to put over the following malicious sally each evening, to the great amusement of all.

"We shall get them," he would say, "we shall get them." Then, after a moment's pause, "Well, we've got them!"—a play on the French war slogan, "*On les aura.*"

The Germans eagerly visit the *Opéra*, where Serge Lifar is reappearing, the *Opéra-Comique*, the *Folies-Bergères*, and the *Casino de Paris*. Mistinguette is once again the great star on the placards of the Rue de Clichy. The posters show her smiling, a flower between her lips, still displaying those age-defying legs. Her old friend, Maurice Chevalier, is thought in London to be a "collaborator." He certainly went to Germany to entertain prisoners of war in a camp where he himself spent twenty-six months during the last war. He has been grateful to the Germans. He could hardly avoid it. He has sung on Radio-Paris,

it is true, but Maurice knows how to choose his songs. He has sung them in a way to bring tears to the eyes of old Parisians. There is no need to say more.

Few Germans are to be seen in the cinemas. It is only fair to say that certain cinemas have been reserved for their use by the military administration in France. At these cinemas a placard announces, "No civilians admitted."

The film industry has been reorganised on Nazi lines. Of course, it is now part of the German film industry. Cinema programmes have to be made up of a leading film, a curtain-raiser, a documentary and a news-reel, necessarily German. Cinema managers handle films on a percentage of takings basis. The percentage varies from 25 per cent to 45 per cent. Very often, to obtain a film which is an outstanding success, exhibitors have to take a film of no interest whatever, which they return without screening. The news-reels are handled on a basis of 3 per cent of the takings. An exhibitor is not forced to show Nazi news-reels, but if he does not he is likely to make trouble for himself.

Jean Giono, a "collaborator," has had "*Au bout de la Route*" running at the Atelier Theatre. At the Mogador Theatre the triumphal revival of *Saltimbanques*, with a "moderne 1941" décor, did not last long. M. Henri Varna could not very well allow the singing every evening of "Love will restore us our liberty."

Theatres now open their doors at 8 p.m. and the final curtain falls at 10.30 p.m. There are hardly any intervals.

At the Musée du Louvre there are no longer any paintings. The only rooms open to the public are those devoted to ancient and modern architecture, and in these three-quarters of the bases lack statues.

The Musée Guimet and the Musée Galliera have remained open. A very successful philatelic exhibition was arranged in the Musée Galliera during last December. At the Musée Grévin, on the Boulevard Montmartre, the wax effigies are changed. The Pope is still there, but the politicians, kings, M. Lebrun, and M. Léon Daudet have

disappeared. On the other hand, the Comte de Paris and his father, the Duc de Guise, are still on show. There is nothing to equal a visit to the Musée Grévin for summing up the French political situation.

Cafés and restaurants close at 11 p.m. On Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays no spirits may be sold. Apéritifs must not be of a greater strength than fifteen degrees and may not be consumed, even on permitted days, except between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., and from 6 p.m. till 9 p.m. Café patrons can choose between coffee made from chick-peas and sweetened with saccharin, mineral waters, wine, muscatel, Byrrh, Dubonnet and worthless beer. There is no more champagne. Trade is falling away from the cafés because of the high price of all drinks.

On the days when a "collective punishment" is imposed, cafés, restaurants, and entertainments close at 6 p.m. At the same time transport stops and pedestrians have to be off the streets. Business houses have to release their staffs at 4.30 p.m. The Métro has never been so hopelessly overcrowded as on such days, passengers even stand on the seats, while in suburban trains clusters of human beings travel clinging to doors and buffers. Pedestrians caught out after 6 p.m. are arrested.

One of my neighbours who tried to be too smart over this had an unpleasant adventure. Standing a pace or so from his doorway, he amused himself by provoking a near-by policeman. On pretext of consulting his watch he repeated ironically: "Five minutes to go, four minutes and a half to go, four minutes to go." When he got down to "half a minute to go," the policeman interrupted him, and saying, "Your watch is half a minute slow," took him by the scruff of the neck to the police-station.

* * * * *

The Paris shops are no longer as fashionable as they were. Stocks are low and the greater part remaining can be sold only against coupons. The departmental stores, nevertheless, are making extraordinary efforts to keep

their customers with window displays which, though as elegant as ever, are not so lavish.

The managing director of the *Bon Marché*, M. Ullman, is a "collaborator." At the *Samaritaine*, M. Cognacq is pro-Vichy, and his windows are adorned with an enormous portrait of Marshal Pétain, framed in tricolour ribbon and surrounded with green ferns. Notices inform customers that the staff is at their disposal if they wish to make the best use of their clothing coupons. A percentage on all sales is devoted to charities administered by Marshal Pétain. M. Cognacq is also President of the Marshal's "Winter Relief Fund"—winter relief which lasts the whole year—and is a member of Vichy's *Conseil National*.

The windows of the *Galleries Lafayette* and *Au Printemps* are as well-groomed as ever, but the departments are bare. "Old England," on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, is now displaying German officers' outfits. *Au Louvre* is partly closed, only the ground, first, and second floors being open. The Ministry of Finance has taken over the rest of the building. Seeing that there are no finances left, it is obvious that this Ministry needs to grow.

Some thirty statues have already been removed from Paris. When I left, those of Marshal Ney, the *Ballon de Gambetta*, and many others had been taken down. The removal of the *Statue de la République* was also being discussed.

Immediately on entering the capital the Germans broke the heads from figures on the statue of General Mangin, smashing them furiously before dynamiting the pedestal. Following this, the daily pilgrimage of Parisians laying flowers on the site of the statue reached such proportions that police were posted to stop it. A friend of mine, who had certainly not been considered at all militant, went there every evening after leaving his office. His daily visits ceased following one small incident. A German, pretending also to be a pilgrim, button-holed him and tried to wheedle from him those confidences which are best kept to oneself. After that my friend decided to give up his daily visits.

The sandbags which were put up to protect public buildings during air raids have been removed.

* * * * *

At the beginning of the occupation only German vehicles were allowed in Paris. Then a few commercial vans were permitted, subject to an "Ausweis," or pass, being granted. Only German cars are petrol-driven now, other commercial vehicles run on producer-gas.

La Société des Transports en Commun de la Région Parisienne, which runs the bus services, and the *Métropolitain* underground railway, now form a single unit under one administration. Many employees of the S.T.C.R.P. are now station staff or guards on the trains. By degrees the bus drivers and conductors are giving up their grey uniform for the blue uniform of the Métro staff.

In Paris the buses on twelve routes only are running, and these are fitted with huge gas-containers on top. Services run every ten or fifteen minutes. In the suburbs some services have been restored. There are no buses, either in Paris or the suburbs, on Sunday mornings or after 8 p.m. on weekdays.

Paris has gone back to the days of 1900, with private carriages and horse-van deliveries. The newspaper, *Le Matin*, always most up-to-date, has put several horse-drawn coaches on the streets to serve Parisians. They are free, and to get a lift it is only necessary to show the bowler-hatted coachman a copy of the day's *Matin*. Later, the same paper revived the old *Madeleine-Bastille* horse-bus, but with only two horses in place of the three which it had in its hey-day. The coachman has the old-fashioned top-hat and livery of 1900, but the conductor is in the regular Paris transport uniform. Thanks to a copy of the day's *Matin*, you may take the air, without charge, from the top deck.

There is no crush and no need for queueing.

Taxis have disappeared from the streets, some being requisitioned by the German authorities. But although ordinary taxis have vanished the S.V.P. taxi has appeared.

These S.V.P. taxis consist of a light metal or plywood body mounted on bicycle wheels towed by a tandem. To hire one costs upwards of thirty francs an hour. Commercial vehicles may not be used on Sundays, or after 9 p.m. on weekdays.

When the Germans arrived in Paris, Métro lines which had been closed since the outbreak of hostilities were reopened, but trains served only the inter-change stations. At present there are about thirty-five stations closed, including the inter-change station, Raspail.

In order to save electricity, lifts and moving stairways are no longer working, except at the Cité and Lamarck stations. Trains run at eight- to ten-minute intervals normally, and at fifteen-minute intervals during the slack hours. The last trains at night leave at 11 p.m., but on "collective punishment" days all services stop at 5.30 p.m.

The number of trains on the line to Sceaux, only recently incorporated in the Métro system, has been reduced by 50 per cent. Return tickets have been abolished on the whole system and replaced by a weekly *carte de travail*, available in the suburbs for bus travel.

The Germans have seized many bicycles and are taking 600 machines a month from the makers. A bicycle now costs at least 2,500 francs and tyres can be found only with difficulty.

* * * * *

The restaurants are doing a thriving business. By patronising them, Parisians who still have some money avoid the interminable food queues and are able to replace their maid by a daily woman.

Restaurants have been divided in four groups as follows:

Group A.	Meals from 40 to 50 francs
Group B.	„ „ 25 to 40 „
Group C.	„ „ 18 to 25 „
Group D.	„ less than 18 francs

Wines are extra, and prices are subject to a 20 per cent increase. In addition, the purchase of two-, five-, or

seven-franc vouchers for Marshal Pétain's Winter Relief is compulsory in the first-class restaurants, as in places of entertainment.

Menus consist of a soup, or hors d'œuvre, a main course and a sweet or cheese. The main difference between the groups of restaurants is that the higher price groups serve a greater variety of hors d'œuvres, more attractive main courses, and larger portions. In the Group A restaurants a good meal, with wine, costs about 180 francs per head. In all restaurants coupons must be surrendered for bread, fat, and meat also unless it is a meatless day. To obtain sufficient supplies restaurant-keepers have to resort to the black market and in consequence some are serving prison sentences.

When I eat in a London restaurant, where one may have meat and as much bread as one pleases, I cannot help thinking of Parisians who have lean purses and empty stomachs.

The salaries of civil servants have been increased by 200 francs a month in consequence of the rising cost of living, and many business houses have followed suit.

Householders who can prove that their financial position has been affected unfavourably by the war, or that their accommodation is less satisfactory—reduced heating, no hot water, or lift not working—can secure a reduction of up to 30 per cent of their rent. This reduction should be made by agreement between the tenant and proprietor, but failing that the question can be settled by a tribunal.

The nickel coinage in France has been replaced by zinc, and one-sou pieces have vanished. Twenty-five centime coins have been replaced by others for twenty centimes. The calling-in of nickel currency was thought by the French to be a move to provide the Germans with this metal. My compatriots promptly reacted by hoarding these coins of precious nickel. They proudly show friends their hoards of coins, threaded on string, saying:

"Just so as the Boche shan't have it!"

For the same reason, Parisian women have made themselves brooches of five-, ten-, and twenty-five-centime

pieces threaded on tricolour ribbon. With the fifty centime, one franc, and two franc coins of bronzed aluminium they have made Victory V brooches.

* * * *

Walking-weddings are, perforce, the rule, and there are not enough clothing coupons to provide the bride with a white dress and the bridegroom with a black coat and striped trousers. Coloured weddings are the fashion, and the wealthy go to church in old-style four-wheel carriages.

Very little travelling is done now. Journeys are expensive, slow, and wearisome, and there are only two trains a day in each direction. Seats must be booked in advance, and at holiday-times a special permit has to be obtained at the station. The Germans insist that every traveller shall be seated and that no luggage is placed in the corridors.

The *Foire du Trône* has been held at Vincennes, but the crowd was mainly German. The *Foire au Jambons*, or Fair of Hams, usually held on the Boulevard Richard Lenoir, has been suppressed. In any case, there are no hams now.

Purchases at *Les Halles*, the central markets, are forbidden except by those who have a buyer's-card issued by the Prefect of Police.

The *Ordre des Médecins*, resembling in some ways the British Medical Association, and instituted by a decree of Marshal Pétain to regulate the profession, has caused some dissatisfaction. A doctor who wishes to keep his private practice has no longer the right to be also an insurance company doctor, or give a second opinion, or help war-wounded appearing before medical tribunals dealing with assessments or discharge. Most doctors have had their permission to use a car withdrawn.

THE spectacle of an easy-going German strolling along the street might persuade one that he was harmless enough and that occupation was bearable.

If the Germans had been content to occupy France as they did in 1871, it might have been claimed that life was not too bad. After the defeat of 1871, the Prussian occupation lasted only a few months. It was continued merely to guarantee that the 5,000,000,000 francs claimed from the vanquished would be paid.

Our grandparents, who had to eat rats during the siege of Paris, did, nevertheless, find the food situation improve. In 1871, the canker was on the face, and though inconvenient, was localised and superficial. But this time the canker is deep-seated, and the longer it persists so does the evil worsen and spread. The food ration is shrinking, children are wasting away, clothes are wearing out and clothing coupons are not sufficient to replace them.

Yet all that, if I may dare say so, is the least of the damage.

In 1871 the Germans occupied only; this time they are interfering in everything. They have installed themselves in the railways, public administration, police forces, banks, assurance companies, Press, wireless, films, law, and education. They are everywhere, even in the so-called unoccupied zone, and in the colonies under the guise of Armistice Commissions.

They are not only imposing a form of government on the French, but also choosing men for that government; nominating civil servants, making laws, imposing fines, raising money, suppressing all liberty, even of thought, and forcing France into one-sided collaboration.

A régime of tyranny has been set up. Informing has

been made a virtue that is well rewarded. The prisons are full, and every day fresh executions take place.

This is Hitler's "New Order" for bringing happiness to other nations.

* * * * *

Here are two examples of the way repression is employed against those who make any open sign of opposing collaboration.

One young man of my acquaintance was sent to prison for three weeks because he whistled in the street a tune which displeased a German officer.

An eighteen-year-old girl was imprisoned for several months because she smacked the face of a German soldier who was forcing his attentions on her. During her detention she was put in the living-room of thirty men and had to perform her natural functions before other prisoners.

Let it not be forgotten that every prisoner is a hostage. If a German is killed a hundred hostages are shot. The mental agonies of those in prison cannot be imagined, deprived as they are of any visits from friends or relatives. I cannot speak too openly or give precise details, for fear of causing reprisals against those still in France, but here is a story which can be revealed without risk since it was published in the Press.

M. Holweig, a professor of the Faculty of Science, was arrested at the house of a friend with whom he had taken refuge. The pretext for his arrest was that he was the head of a secret organisation. For eleven days he was tortured. His hands were burned in order to force some kind of admission from him, and when his dead body was sent to his wife, with the skull smashed in, the authorities claimed he had committed suicide.

The funeral took place in Paris on the 27th of December 1941, and his mortal remains were followed by friends of *Valmy*.

Doktor Friedrich, a German journalist broadcasting regularly from Radio-Paris, was still able to claim, after this, that the Germans were not barbarians.

In an open letter, written by a Paris journalist who had to remain anonymous for good reason, Doktor Friedrich got a sharp reply. Typewritten copies of this letter were circulated throughout the occupied zone.

There is not only repression itself, but also constant bullying, and the infliction of everlasting annoyances for no reason whatever. Some varied instances will best illustrate what I call German *sadism*.

When at Tours on business I went into a restaurant. I was not served until I had waited three-quarters of an hour. The local Kommandatur had issued an order that no French people should be served before German soldiers or civilians. While I waited I was refused even an *apéritif*.

Going by train to Rueil (Seine et Oise), I had to give up my seat to a German soldier, despite the fact that I was severely wounded in the last war.

Another time, I witnessed the sight of women queueing for hours in front of a greengrocer's shop. Some Germans who came along walked in and demanded to be served first. They bought fruit for themselves and then, at their ease, ate cherries mockingly while standing on the pavement in front of the queue. The anger of the housewives can be imagined.

Occasionally some patriot cuts German telephone wires which are strung from lamp to lamp, or tree to tree. The Germans, being unable to discover the culprits, simply impose a collective penalty. It happened once at Vélizy, in the Seine et Oise area, and for several nights the town had to provide a guard so that it should not occur again. At Amiens, leading citizens were made to take turns in this duty, relieving each other.

Taking photographs in the open is forbidden, except by permission of the occupation authorities. To take a snap of one's wife or children in a park or garden is *verboten*! To listen to any wireless station other than those of the Axis is forbidden. Discovery means a fine, prison, and seizure of the set.

Here is a typical instance of what is happening all the time. Even if there is no traffic at all, Parisians must

cross the road at pedestrian crossings only. The penalty for failing to do so is a fine of fifteen francs on the spot, which must be paid to the policeman concerned, usually a German. On the other hand, any member of the German forces may cross wherever he pleases with impunity. One afternoon I watched two German nurses gossiping at leisure in the centre of the Place du Havre.

If the rules are made to assist control of Paris traffic, so reduced now, then they should apply to all without distinction. Is this the famous German discipline of which so much is heard?

Here is another incident which I thought most unpleasant because of the place where it happened.

One Sunday morning, in a Paris church, a German soldier was present at High Mass. He rose ostentatiously, then knelt down and crossed himself repeatedly, feigning deep religious ardour in front of the congregation, making an exhibition of himself.

Detestable!

Until recently, hotel proprietors or managers did not bother greatly about the exact status of their visitors. If identity cards were produced at the reception-desk little notice was taken. Now it is very different. Hotel-keepers make certain of the identity of visitors, knowing that the police, acting on Gestapo orders, no longer respect the sleep of others. They will enter any room at night to check identity papers.

The English bookshops have been taken over by the authorities and turned into German bookshops. W. H. Smith's shop in the Rue de Rivoli is now used for the sale of Nazi publications only. Its windows display huge photos of the Nazi leaders, swathed in ribbon which is embellished with swastikas.

The British Embassy in the Rue St. Honoré, and the *Palais de l'Élysée* are both closed. The *Cercle Interallié* has been taken over.

From the moment of their arrival the Germans began to summon holders of safe-deposits to open them for inventory. French securities have been returned to the

holders, but all foreign securities, gold and jewellery have been seized and paid for at lowest prices in "occupation money." Dollars, which the French are no longer allowed to possess, are paid for in "occupation money" at the official rate of seventy-four francs. Apart from this, the Germans are opposed to capitalism!

At the *Petit Palais* the Germans have organised an exhibition against Freemasonry, and at a picture-gallery in the Rue de la Boétie they have established a centre for anti-Jewish propaganda. The Press, Radio-Paris, and posters throughout the city have been employed to persuade Parisians to visit these exhibitions. In the main roads direction posts have been placed so that they may be found easily. Yet despite this wealth of publicity, only "collaborators" are ever seen at either place.

They don't make a very big crowd.

From the tomb of Turenne at the Invalides the Germans have removed the inscription which read:

"So long as there is a German in Alsace, there should be no fighting men at ease in France."

* * * * *

When Hitler visited Paris for the first time, an officer of the army of occupation went to the priest of the Madeleine to ask for the keys of the church. The priest, who was somewhat unwilling to surrender the keys, was assured that nothing would be touched and that they would be returned next morning.

The following day, at 5 a.m., some twenty German officers entered the Madeleine. They shut the verger in the sacristy and then proceeded to view the church. Afterwards, the verger was released and the keys were returned to him. Hitler had been among the visitors. The Mighty Fuehrer was taking no chances on the welcome that Parisians might give him.

A similar thing happened with Goering, and for his personal convenience the Bois de Boulogne was closed to the public for four days.

One of the first gestures made by German officers in Paris was the placing of a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

If only the victors had stopped at that!

The German police, with French assistance, search both men and women, emptying wallets, handbags, and shopping baskets. Passers-by are sometimes stripped, regardless of the weather. To be under suspicion means a search, furniture ripped open, mattresses slit, clothes torn apart, and it also means imprisonment even though nothing incriminating has been unearthed. To avoid trouble one must watch every word and be constantly on guard.

The other day, in London, I was speaking confidentially to a friend when a man in uniform came beside me. Instinctively, I stopped talking and slowed my pace, and then, realising suddenly that I was no longer in France, I took up the conversation again. The prudent habits which one learns now in Paris are not easily shaken off. My friend laughed heartily, and I joined him, but that day I really appreciated my liberty.

* * * * *

The Germans, of course, eat, drink, and buy without bothering about prices, disregarding both the rising cost of living and the growing shortage of foodstuffs.

When they arrived in France they began to issue what was called "occupation money." These notes, which were legal tender, had no gold backing and circulated only in France. Their value was set at four times that of the franc, and if they were refused when tendered in payment, penalties were imposed. The Germans spent this "occupation money" lavishly. They bought everything in sight except make-up, which was forbidden to German women. The Vaugirard goods station provided work every day for twenty-five unemployed packing a Berlin-bound train with a miscellaneous collection of goods garnered from every corner of France.

"Occupation money" does not circulate now. The Germans have found a better method. With an exclusively

Nazi staff they print French bank-notes at the Oberthur printing works in Rennes. The paper is provided by the French *Institut National d'Émission*, which gives the Bank of France its only control, a purely illusory one. . . .

Thus is France despoiled and impoverished.

The Germans are not content merely to manufacture French money. They are also manufacturing foreign money—£5 and £10 notes in particular.

Hitler is also a forger!

* * * * *

Certain streets and pavements have been closed to the French, thus obliging them to make lengthy détours. Part of the Avenue Kléber, in particular, is closed to Parisians. One-way streets have been abolished, undoubtedly because they were a nuisance to German traffic. Yet, although there is so little traffic in Paris, the occupation authorities have established special one-way routes for cyclists. For some unknown reason the Germans appear to hate cyclists particularly. Any breach of the rules means a fine, or even confiscation of the bicycle without compensation.

The Germans do not love the legal profession any more than they do cyclists, and they have few scruples about impeding those who undertake a defence. In many cases they refuse accused persons the services of an advocate.

Barristers have had to give up their cars, and so many now cycle to the Palais de Justice that special bicycle stands have been provided.

If housewives in a queue protest for any reason, the shop is shut for the day. On the Métro, however, the gallant Germans give up their seats to women. The collaborationist press makes a tremendous fuss about this giving up of seats, and praises at length the correct behaviour and politeness of German soldiers. One might believe, from reading the papers, that before their advent no Frenchman had ever surrendered his seat to a woman. It is a pity that the same papers keep so quiet about the molesting of French women after nightfall.

Madame Raymonde and Madame Suzanne Poujet, who are mentioned later, each had to defend themselves at night on different occasions against the amorous approaches of Germans. In broad daylight at La Villette, Madame Peintre, when accompanied by her husband, smacked the face of a German whose pointed attentions annoyed her. The German would have done her an injury if a crowd had not intervened.

Frenchmen have a rather different tradition of gallantry towards women.

* * * * *

Marshal Pétain's Winter Relief Fund is modelled on that of Hitler, and in principle is intended to assist needy French people. To aid this fund vouchers for two, five, and seven francs, bearing the Marshal's likeness, are sold in shops, streets, and from door to door. You cannot go to a restaurant or theatre, or have a tobacco card unless you purchase a voucher. The gift is compulsory. Posters appeal for old personal effects to be taken to one of the many centres which have been set up, usually in the shop of a Jew who has fled, or failed to avoid imprisonment.

There is doubt whether French people receive the benefit of these woollen goods given up by their compatriots from a sense of duty. One day, outside one of the Marshal's centres in the Rue Lecourbe, I saw members of the army of occupation filling their lorries with warm clothing. In view of this, and the disclosure by returned prisoners that warm clothing was taken from them, doubt seems justified.

An association for the wives of war prisoners has been formed in France, ostensibly to protect their families. One can only hope that these women will be rejoined soon by their husbands. Since its second meeting the association has been incorporated in the *Mouvement National Populaire*, directed by Froideval, an ex-Trade Union leader turned "collaborator." This association has been formed for no other purpose than to convert wives of prisoners into "collaborators." The Germans are not

liberating any prisoners except the severely wounded, or "collaborators," of the same kidney as Jean-Charles Legrand, expelled from the Paris Bar before the war, and his brother, a close associate of Laval.

* * * * *

By Press, wireless, and poster campaigns the Germans are carrying on frantic propaganda to persuade French workers to work in Germany. Some of the posters show a German worker on a map of Europe, supported by the mighty industries of the Reich, extending the hand of friendship to a French worker behind whom insignificant French factories appear. Other posters contrast the cheerful house and happy family of a French worker in Germany with the miserable conditions of the unemployed. Others again portray a cheerful French postman showing passers-by letters of contentment written by workers across the Rhine—that correspondence is no longer private is true enough. Naturally, these letters are written in slang and abound with spelling mistakes.

The Germans claim that 100,000 Frenchmen have undertaken work in Germany. Even if this figure is correct, for a country like France it is very small.

Who are these workers? To begin with, there are the Polish, Italian, and Spanish wanderers who go from one country to another after having traversed France from north to south and east to west. They have been enticed to Germany by propaganda and the promise of good wages. Frenchmen have been caught in the same snare, but many who return on leave prefer to be out of work rather than go back.

How do the Germans get voluntary enlistments for their industrial army? Simply by suppressing unemployment allowances. There is a free choice between working for the Reich or starving. That these workers are as well received in Germany as propaganda posters throughout France pretend, is not to be believed. The German people, women especially, watch them with unfriendly eyes. They know that each fresh batch releases a corresponding

number of Germans, husbands, friends, and brothers, for the Russian front. In spite of the Gestapo the women cannot keep from repeating what is undoubtedly one reason for German discontent—"The beaten French are better off than the victorious Germans."

Perhaps they are better off in one way, but their lives are also in danger. When the R.A.F. bombs German factories, workers become casualties. If a worker is blown to pieces by a bomb he will have paid in vain towards social and benefit funds. If he returns to France, crippled by an accident at work, who will give him a pension? The Allies he has worked against, or ruined Germany?

As a reply to this propaganda for enlisting workers, those who brought out *Valmy* printed the following slogans and stuck them on the German posters:

*"To go and work in Germany is:
To be a civilian prisoner
To betray your country
To delay victory."*

* * * * *

The German army of occupation, including civilians, women, and young girls, has free travel on the Métro in all classes. This underground railway is almost the only means of transport left to Parisians, so with less frequent trains and Germans getting on cumbered by kitbags, luggage, and arms, sometimes in companies, the unhappy users are jammed hopelessly together, particularly during rush hours.

One day the railway administration, probably acting under orders, reserved all first-class compartments for Germans. Notices pasted on the windows indicated that these were not available for French passengers, and as the Germans travel free there were no ticket-inspectors. On the *Place Batard-Porte de Charenton* line particularly, Parisians did not hesitate. They crowded into these reserved compartments more than before, and I saw few Germans in them. In consequence, at the end of a week,

the occupation authorities realised that their reservation system was unworkable. The reserved compartments became de-reserved, and Parisians derived much amusement from their little victory.

On the main-line railways each long-distance train has a number of carriages reserved for Germans. These are usually at the front of the train and are heated throughout the winter. The Nazis took over the management of the railways originally, but at the end of a few months the muddle was so great that control was given back to the French. The boasted organising genius of the Germans proved bankrupt in this sphere. Now, though the enemy gives the orders, he contents himself with supervision.

The buses of the S.T.C.R.P. (*Société des Transports en Commun de la Région Parisienne*) are being used for troop transport. Garages now shelter lorries made at the Renault works. One in the Rue Charles Lecocq contains three or four hundred vehicles waiting for fittings or tyres. The Germans are very short of tyres. At another garage in the Rue Championnet, the Germans are distilling alcohol from wine, getting about one pint of alcohol from three pints of wine. Radio-Paris can always explain that the shortage of wine is due to lack of labour or a bad harvest.

In the municipal administration of Paris, orders are given by the Germans. Officials who displease them are dismissed and replaced by more accommodating devotees of collaboration. Germans are installed in all the police departments. At the *Préfecture de Police* they have their own premises on the ground floor of one of the buildings, to which access is not allowed.

Every morning, German officers inspect both main and local police-stations. At a gymnasium in the 15^e *arrondissement* they teach police-officers to salute and to direct traffic by automatic signs. The police have to salute all German officers.

At the beginning of the occupation, the Germans had the air-raid sirens sounded frequently, particularly at night, to make believe that a British raid was taking place.

The French simply remained in bed or looked out of their windows. If the alert was given in daytime they continued at work, laughing at the Germans hurrying to shelter. Quite apart from the fact that these alerts slowed down production in war factories, the Germans were annoyed by the attitude of the French and frequent sounding of the sirens was abandoned.

VI

THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION

THE first troops to enter beleaguered Paris were fine-looking men, clean, well-equipped, and smartly polished. They had time to prepare themselves during the hours they waited at the gates of the city before entering. Parisians who had remained were impressed by their bearing. The masses of war material, all in good condition, astonished the onlookers. But the forces following were less impressive and arrived in ramshackle old carts, some dating from the time of Napoleon.

Troops were drilled in the public squares. Mounted bands practised on the Champ de Mars, while soldiers clad in shorts played football in the Tuileries. Complete companies queued at mobile kitchens in the streets. Almost everywhere troops paraded in square formation to hear the order of the day. In the streets they sang as they clumped along. Regiments marched past and counter-marched with bands playing, but they were no more successful in attracting attention than all the other reviews, parades, and open-air concerts.

Relations between officers and men appeared to be cordial without diminishing the outward respect due to those in command. A soldier meeting an officer-friend would click his heels, salute, then break from attention and shake hands, saluting stiffly again on parting. I did

not see any soldier try to avoid an officer, or dodge saluting, or salute carelessly. Neither did I see any officer fail to return a salute.

At first the companies on guard duty were numerous. In most cases the sentries, wearing helmets, were in pairs. Their actions were automatic. Standing at ease, with legs apart and rifle held loosely, they would snap to attention at the approach of an officer and present arms in three movements, following him with their eyes. Soldiers saluted every armed sentry.

Guard-changing never failed to attract a crowd which found the mechanical dumb-show highly amusing. Laughter became so frequent that the police, to avoid incidents, had to keep moving on those Parisians who enjoyed this entertainment too openly. The relieving sentry would march up with measured tread and make a quarter-turn to face the man on duty. Each then took three smart steps forward, presented arms, and faced-about in the other's position.

The discipline of the German army certainly amused, but also impressed, the French. I do not know if there was any lack of arms in the French army, but I saw the Germans in possession of Lebel rifles and bayonets. Troops still had the 1914-18 slogan of "Gott mit uns" on their belt badges, and no mourning bands were permitted.

The Germans, for different occasions, have various ways of saluting officers. For the military salute proper, the body is held stiffly, left hand on trouser seam, and heels are clicked together. A simpler form is looking directly into the officer's eyes. The soldiers are so often loaded with knick-knacks from the shops that this latter salute is definitely the most common.

Those who saw the Germans, particularly in the first months of the occupation, buying jewels, furs, materials, fancy goods, dresses, handbags, silk stockings, suspenders, underwear, and even brassières, will understand the size and weight of the parcels and suitcases—also bought in France—carried by soldiers going on leave. An hour spent at the Gare du Nord or the Gare de l'Est before

the departure of a leave-train gave some idea of what the Armistice was costing France. Porters specially assigned to the job were bent double under the weight of luggage.

With the German army of occupation, the Todt labour service for war factories must be included. Members of this corps wear a khaki uniform, and except for red armlets bearing a swastika might be mistaken for French troops.

In Paris eggs are no longer obtainable, but when they were a German in a restaurant would often order a twelve-egg omelet for himself. All fruit in the capital was carried off by the Germans when they arrived. They ate it greedily on the spot, which suggested to Paris that these "green locusts" were hungry. I can remember a well-known street which was literally carpeted with banana-skins one evening. There are no longer any bananas in France.

The Germans feign great affection for children. When they meet them with their parents they pat them and say: "Ah! at home I've got some little ones like that." It is most touching, and it is effective propaganda. But if they love children so much, why are they killing them?

In Paris there are also some Italian officers and even more sailors. The latter look like so many clowns because of their ludicrous berets. Between the Germans and Italians there is no contact, and the Germans show contempt for their allies. The Italians know it, and fights between members of the two forces are common.

The soldiers of the Reich do not always live together in harmony either, and brawls are frequent after political arguments. When the French learned of the first killings of German soldiers, in reprisal for which so many innocent hostages were slaughtered, they questioned whether their enemies were not liquidating personal quarrels and using this as an excuse for further repression. At the time of the first attempt against a German, on the Boulevard Barbès, I was given to understand that the victim, a naval



[Photo: Bertram Park]

GENERAL DE GAULLE

POPULATIONS
abandonnées,



ce faites confiance
ND! AU SOLDAT ALLEMAND!

A BID FOR COLLABORATION

sub-lieutenant in the company of a prostitute, had been attacked by the owner of a low gambling den for not paying his debts.

* * * * *

Though the French have been reduced to the barest necessities, the same cannot be said of the Germans, whether military or civilians. The food coupons allotted to them are three times the value of those issued to the French. As for clothing coupons, they can obtain as many as they wish on demand.

By the terms of the armistice France has to pay a daily tribute of 400,000,000 francs for the upkeep of the army of occupation. What was certainly not provided for in the armistice was the upkeep of men from the Eastern front being rested in France, like the regiment I saw being re-formed at Montmorency, near Paris.

Since the Russian campaign, unmarried soldiers are no longer allowed to go to Germany on leave. There are several reasons for this, of which the foremost are the critical transport problem, R.A.F. raids, and the lowered morale of men returning from home leave. The unmarried men must find such pleasures as they may with the girl secretaries and telephonists. If children result, the Reich bears all expenses and takes charge of the offspring. A woman's duty is to bear children. A man's duty is to fight.

The army of occupation does not find life entirely a bed of roses. The much vaunted morale of the Germans has suffered some heavy blows. For evidence there is an incident which happened at the cemetery in Thiais (Seine).

One day a number of closed German lorries drove into the cemetery, and the keepers were promptly ordered to clear the place of visitors. German soldiers climbed down from the lorries and dug a deep pit in a far corner of the burial-ground. Thirteen soldiers were then lined up against a wall and machine-gunned.

That a man's brain may sometimes give way is not

unknown. Consequently, the mental hospital at Sainte-Anne houses some thousands of German soldiers. Nazi psychiatrists treat these unfortunates who have lost their reason after so many victories. As for the incurables, they are dispatched quite simply and straightforwardly with a revolver.

Such a kindly régime!

* * * *

Many rumours regarding the German army creep into circulation, but to verify them is sometimes difficult. As an example here is one about "submarine infantry" which was being passed on in August 1940. This, so the story went, was Hitler's famous secret weapon for the invasion of Britain.

According to the tale, German invasion troops were equipped with one-piece waterproof uniforms and special respirator helmets which were supplied with oxygen from a container carried on the back in place of a haversack. For swimming purposes they had a paddle contrivance fitted to their hands and feet, and they were armed with tommy-guns.

These special troops were chained together in fives, so that they should not lose contact. This gave rise to the idea that the morale of German troops was so bad that their officers had to chain them to get them into battle.

"Submarine infantry" had special boats, built to accommodate a hundred men. These were to be capsized two or three hundred yards from the English coast, so that the British would think the invaders all drowned and relax precautions. Then on the beaches, suddenly, hundreds of warriors would arrive, seemingly from another planet. Their terrifying appearance was to be more effective than their weapons, and while the British fled in terror, they were to march forward to the conquest of old England.

Just like that!

The "submarine infantry" of Hitler has no more conquered Britain than his tanks have Russia.

PART TWO

I

POSTER CAMPAIGN

READERS would be disappointed if I did not devote more than a single chapter to *Valmy*, how it was made possible, and how it was printed and distributed.

At the beginning of this book I told of my feelings when the Germans entered Paris. For several days I remained absolutely dejected, not knowing what to think and deprived of news. The French army had been routed—my mind was in confusion. I could not believe the disaster which had overwhelmed my country, whose history is a long tale of glory, whose intellectual place among the great nations is unchallenged.

After several days of despondency the desire for action returned. I decided to seek out some ex-soldier friends who had not joined in the flight from Paris. I soon realised that they would be of no use to me. Some said, "We must wait and see," others said, "They are the strongest." This meant acknowledging might to be greater than right, and accepting, at the same time, every kind of servitude. I had not struggled for years to come to that, to abandon my ideals of freedom and all which, briefly, makes being a man worth while.

Suppressing my disgust with those who could reason so, I called on some other friends who had returned to Paris. They were known pacifists, and to my surprise I found them in the same state of mind as myself, but inactive.

We arranged evening meetings to talk things over, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, but never late at night because one had to be indoors by 11 p.m. (9 p.m. Greenwich time). We were joined by Alexander, whose acquaintance I had made one Sunday on the

Boulevard Montparnasse. He was destined to become co-editor of *Valmy*. An intellectual, energetic man of action, he had foreseen both the war and its fatal consequences. We trusted him, considering him our leader, and he guided our discussions.

One day, I had the idea of buying a small rubber printing set, a child's toy, for which I paid 57 fr. 75 at the Bazar de l'Hôtel de Ville. I took it to one of our evening gatherings and it was an immediate success. We set about finding slogans on the spot, but it was not as easy as one might think. We wanted a phrase which would arrest attention, infuriate the Germans, and yet be within the limited scope of our rubber type.

The first slogan composed was, I think, "*Long live the Republic, in spite of everything.*" This was printed on the only material at hand, some strips of gummed paper of the kind used for mending torn pages.

That night, returning home in the dark, we stuck our small slogans on maps at the Métro stations, on lamp posts, and on shop-fronts. The next day, passing the same places, we each saw our handiwork being read. We mixed with the little groups of two or three looking at the *papillons* and overheard some friendly comments. This encouraged us.

A friend of mine from Northern France, taking refuge in my home, bought me half a dozen rolls of paper similar to that originally used. After that, our one-hand printing machine was soon functioning merrily again. The next day I distributed the stock among my friends who circulated them in their own districts.

Not knowing how to employ our activities, it must be admitted, we had chanced on this outlet for them. For us it was a good, if rather harmless, joke to play on the Germans. We did not doubt that from these small sticky-back slogans, or *papillons*, a party of resistance would develop.

When the stock was exhausted, it had to be renewed. I went again to the Bazar de l'Hôtel de Ville, this time buying two big rolls of gummed paper intended for

protecting windows against blast. Other friends joined us and we formed a party of twelve, paying a monthly subscription of five francs. We each adopted a pseudonym and Boyau-Rouge—the name he chose for himself—was made treasurer. Our coffers were often empty. From time to time Alexander, who was better placed than most of us, helped by donating a hundred-franc note.

Later I bought, again at the same place, a second printing set which cost our group fund eighty-seven francs. We lacked paper and could not find many of the rolls we needed except at the Bazar de l'Hôtel de Ville. We had to be careful that we were not "spotted," and we each took turns to buy one or two rolls. One day, a Polish friend bought five rolls at once. This was a real thrill. He even had the audacity to demand a bill so that, as he said, he could collect the cost from his employer. Our slogans, which the police endeavoured to destroy, were becoming known in Paris.

The number we managed to stick up was in the neighbourhood of thirty or forty thousand, possibly more. We made up many slogans and stuck them everywhere, on walls, on the Seine bridges, and on shop windows. Boyau-Rouge was a specialist in Métro stations. Each day he would take a different route, descend at a station and stick slogans secretly on German posters and the hand-rails of escalators. His especial joy was to stick them on the belts of German soldiers when the trains were crowded.

Albert Gramme specialised in German newspapers at the kiosks. While affecting a great interest in Nazi prose, he took any opportunity that offered to leave traces of his passing stuck on Nazi journals. Another friend preferred cafés and brasseries, leaving slogans on tables and crockery.

Among the most successful slogans were: "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité. Vive de Gaulle,*" by Albert Gramme; my own, "*One enemy—the invader,*" and, best of all, Boyau-Rouge's "*L'aspirateur Hitlérien vide le pays en moins de rien,*" possibly translatable as "The Hitler vacuum-cleaner, soon makes the country leaner."

One day a supporter presented us with a quantity of paper squares. Since these were not gummed we debated what could be done with them. Alexander had a wonderful idea. He composed a set of questions and answers in German, aimed at the morale of the army of occupation. It went like this:

"Who is the most handsome Aryan in Europe?"

Dr. Goebbels!

"Who is the fattest plutocrat in Europe?"

Herman Goering!

"Who is the last tyrant of Europe?"

Adolf Hitler!

Goebbels' club-foot and Goering's weight, unaffected by rationing, are well enough known.

This set of questions and answers was seized eagerly for dropping into German vehicles, an operation not lacking an element of danger.

Having commenced during the first days of the occupation, we knew that we had contributed towards maintaining the moral of Parisians. We had also encouraged imitation, and our activity had brought us quite a fair number of helpers.

Though we rejoiced in our success, it also made us uneasy. As we enlarged our group the chances of being caught or denounced were multiplied. We had good reason for being prudent. The meetings at my house were becoming too frequent. At every hour of the day callers were asking for advice or seeking supplies of *papillons*. One of my neighbours, a "collaborator" who entertained German officers, had already complained of the noise we made. We had either to interrupt our work, and lose the fruit of our efforts, or continue and risk several months, or years, in prison.

Then Alexander had an idea.

He founded the Pentagon.

II

THE PENTAGON

THE Pentagon, named after the geometric figure, was a group of five people, one of whom acted as leader, passing on orders and maintaining contact. These five each had the task of forming a further group, and of inducing the members of this in their turn to act in the same way. The groups were not known to each other, and their members each adopted a pseudonym.

Of the number of groups formed it is impossible for me to give an estimate. We did not even know the leaders, but thanks to this secret organisation of linked, yet separate, groups, we were able to continue the struggle with the least possible risk. If any member was caught, even if he talked or had the intention of denouncing us, at most only a few would be arrested, and the organisation would continue. Our supporters had not much fear of informers because they admitted only trusted friends to their groups, knowing that their own lives were at stake. It was understood that if an informer was detected he would be killed immediately.

During December 1940 I decided to publish a paper which would provide a link between the groups, keep alive the flame of resistance, and maintain faith in the victory of which I was more than ever convinced.

I revealed this project to my friends, but except for Boyau-Rouge they all opposed it as being too rash and dangerous. I knew all the risks of commencing such a venture, for I had weighed the pros and cons carefully. Nevertheless, like the men of the Revolution in 1789, I was resolved "on Liberty or Death."

As a bachelor, with only one distant relative, I assumed full responsibility. My friends undertook to write articles. A division of the work entailed was agreed upon. Alexander, whose authority among us was very great, was to

write the editorials, Albert Gramme the news items, and Boyau-Rouge the articles on economics. I was named editor-in-chief because of my original profession. There was also Robin, who joined us later.

The title *Valmy*, which I had in mind myself, was proposed by Alexander and agreed unanimously. It recalled the great victory of the Revolution, a victory which freed France of the Prussians and royalists, "collaborators" then as now. Times have not changed much.

We decided, for lack of anything better, to produce the paper from such materials as we had. It was a very rash venture indeed. We set to work, but on the one hand we were short of type, and on the other short of paper. After a long search, Boyau-Rouge ferreted out what we needed from a dusty little shop near the Grands Boulevards.

Try to imagine how *Valmy* was created, under a lamp at night, after a long day's work.

First of all the three printing sets had to be unified. All the different characters, joined together by a thin strip of rubber, had to be separated with a pen-knife. Then a set of pigeon-holes was needed for the capital letters, small letters, figures, accents, punctuations and a multitude of other symbols. In all, there were nearly two thousand characters of various sorts.

When this was done, I started composing, work needing both patience and care. The tiny cubes were not very pliable and were difficult to fix in the compositor's frame. Have you any idea of the minuteness of a full-stop? In lead type it is two centimetres deep, but it is only four millimetres in rubber. Try to find one on a dark parquet floor after it has slipped out of the tweezers, a tiny strip of rubber which, because of its elasticity, always bounces far from where it falls. The difficulties with full stops were repeated with the i's, j's and l's, all of which were very narrow.

After the first proof, letters which were upside down had to be reversed. Others, too prominent, needed to be pressed back, while those which made scarcely any impression had to be eased out. If a word happened to have

been omitted from a sentence, the whole job had to be done again.

Each evening I made up four lines, being the only one engaged on this job. Afterwards I would go to bed tired out, head weary and shoulders aching. The exacting nature of this work brought about an almost complete loss of sight in my right eye, already injured by a war-wound received near Arras in 1914-18.

Boyau-Rouge, who had a strong grip, helped me with the actual printing. Contrary to all printers' practice, the border of the paper was added with a coloured pencil after printing. Only the heading was prepared in advance, and this was stencilled by Albert Gramme's son, Marcel.

The first number of *Valmy*, of which fifty copies were printed, had taken a month to prepare. The second, of which a hundred copies were produced, was made under the same conditions and took as long. For this second number, however, a friend made a frame to hold eighteen lines of type and this simplified composition to a considerable degree.

My sight had become so bad that for the third issue, in March, it was necessary to find someone else to do the job. Renée T——, a dark, pretty girl of twenty, whose father had served with me during the last war, offered to type the copies. Unfortunately, she had no typewriter. Neither had the dealers, and any merchant who agreed to part with one expected a fantastic price. Nor could there be any question of having the paper typed at an office. That was quite impossible. What could be done? The paper had to be prepared in spare time.

Then Renée had an idea that was an inspiration. She was employed in an office which was doing work for the Germans. When one works for them, nothing is lacking, not even typewriters. With the help of a friend, she simply went to her office, took a machine, and carried it home. How did she manage it? We were too discreet on *Valmy* to question a pretty girl. The result was all that mattered.

Renée T—— typed four copies of the paper at a time

and produced about 150. A neighbour complained that the noise of the typewriter prevented sleep, and to avoid attracting attention it was necessary to change quarters for the next month's issue.

Musette M——, another pretty girl aged eighteen, offered to produce *Valmy* at the home of a friend who, from heaven knows where, had borrowed a typewriter. Musette, despite her name, worked relentlessly, making more than 300 copies.

Finally, Boyau-Rouge, always on the watch, found a genuine antique, a roller-style duplicating contraption which was in a pitiable condition. We patched it up as well as possible, and despite a missing action it had a good output. With this machine we produced, at my home, 500 copies of the May issue and 2,000 of the June issue. Five people, Mme Suzanne Poujet, Musette, Boyau-Rouge, his daughter and myself, were scarcely enough for the job.

I must ask indulgence for mentioning so many names, but it would be unfair to those who aided me if, in this story of *Valmy*, honour was not paid to those who laboured.

III

BEFORE starting to print copies of the first number on our “contraption,” a serious question arose.

If we were caught unawares, what would we do?

Nobody had thought of that.

Until now our editions had been small, but with this machine fresh possibilities had to be considered. We suddenly realised fully the nature of the work we had engaged in. The five of us were rendered mute by our reflections. What would we do? Our pacifist convictions

suffered a rude shock. The answer was so clear that none dared speak it.

Breaking the silence, I spoke for myself, saying: “I have worked in the past for peace. Now, we are at war. He who will not kill stands to be killed by those against him. If anyone demands too persistently that the door here be opened, he must be dealt with.”

I said this with some emotion. One does not easily abandon certain principles. Circumstances had forced me to it.

The others were all of my opinion.

I went and fetched a heavy spanner which I placed within easy reach. Someone asked a second question.

“And what shall we do with the body?”

“Oh, well,” I replied, “we shall have to stow it in the bath, and then separate when the paper is finished. I will burn anything here which might compromise us and leave the apartment for good.”

We did not have to go to that extreme. However, when we were preparing the next issue we had a severe shock.

One Saturday afternoon, Boyau-Rouge and his daughter were busy preparing the paper. I had gone to lie on my bed in the hope of relieving one of the headaches from which I suffer greatly. The bell rang. Boyau-Rouge did not move. The visitor was so insistent that I got up and, after hiding our materials, decided to open the door; not, however, without arming myself with the spanner against possible contingencies.

When I opened, it was Albert Gramme’s son, Marcel. He had a lucky escape!

Marcel usually cycled between his work and home, and from the Grands Boulevards to his own doorstep he would whistle Victory V’s. His especial delight was to count the number of answering V’s received. One day, he came up very proudly to announce:

“Old pal. I’ve had a wonderful day—fourteen replies!”

Being young and enthusiastic, he had the cheek to whistle the *Marseillaise* defiantly in the face of any German

he met in the street. I was often witness of his impudent challenges. The inevitable happened and Marcel was caught by an officer, with the result that he spent several weeks at the Santé prison learning better.

On the Saturday in question, Marcel noticed our embarrassed manner. Furthermore, he was intrigued by the spanner I held. It was hardly needed for a talk with Boyau-Rouge, whose profession should, in any case, have taken him elsewhere than my home on that particular day.

“Am I in the way?” Marcel hazarded.

“Oh, no!” we replied, dangling our arms awkwardly.

Our position, evidently, was not clear. I had never made Marcel wait at the door for quarter of an hour before. As designer of the paper’s heading each month, he knew our habits. In addition, as I have already told, his father wrote for *Valmy*. As time was short, we finished by telling him what work we were doing. Marcel doffed his coat and lent us a hand. First, however, he had to promise to keep our secret, since nobody was allowed to know how or where the paper was printed.

So ended one short alarm which might have had a tragic conclusion.

For the May and June numbers, the question of necessary materials had been a pressing consideration. Boyau-Rouge obtained enough ink for May, but for June we had none whatever. Paper and stencils were lacking for both numbers.

A friend whom we told of our needs found us enough paper for the May issue. It was tinted green, the colour signifying “hope” in France. How he found it, only he knows. Another friend managed to buy, for almost its weight in gold, enough butchers’ wrapping-paper for the June issue.

There remained the problem of ink and stencils.

Suzanne Poujet, both pretty and intelligent—which proves that a woman can have these two qualities, despite whatever is said to the contrary—saved us. Knowing German circles well, she made her way into a Nazi administrative office one day and carried off the

ink which could not be obtained otherwise without a police permit.

As for stencils, that was an even more daring coup. I am not inventing anything. Throughout this book the truth alone is astonishing enough.

Suzanne Poujet was, as we say in France, “*aussi courageuse que culottée*,” as plucky as they come. She and I went to another set of German offices, where she had once worked. We coolly invaded one of the rooms, from which she collected the stencils we needed and then typed the word “Valmy” on one of the machines. We smiled inwardly when we met German officers in the corridors. The door-porter, both when we entered and left, gave us a cheerful salute. A pretty woman can be a great help sometimes.

We managed this same trick four times.

Suzanne Poujet acted from patriotic motives, but she also wanted to counter-balance the efforts of her husband who, on the other side of the fence, was rendering services to the enemy which he might have given to General de Gaulle. When peace returns, it would be an injustice not to reward the courage and devotion of this woman. Much else that she did must not, for her own safety, be told yet.

As I have already said, the headings for the January and February numbers were stencilled by Marcel Gramme. We had purchased a complete stencil alphabet for the use of five letters only, V-A-L-M-Y. From these all trace of ink was removed after usage, in case of a police search. In the same way, the duplicator was cleaned carefully when we had finished. With the same prudence, we burned and destroyed the ashes of any paper we had used, manuscripts, carbons, blotters, and proofs. No paper was ever put with the household rubbish. Our materials, stowed away in a box, were then buried for a month.

One cannot take too many precautions when engaged in underground activities.

I have been asked many times why we did not obtain a typewriter or a Roneo rotary duplicator. For this there were several reasons. The main ones, so far as typewriters

are concerned, I have already given. They could be obtained only at an exorbitant price. During the flight from Paris the Germans seized all machines left in abandoned vehicles which had been bombed or machine-gunned on French roads by the Italian¹ air force. These machines should have been replaced, but France could no longer import them.

On the one hand there was the shortage of machines, and on the other the fact that it was dangerous to use the same machine constantly. Every machine has its own peculiarities and these provide the police with clues.

There remained the Roneo. The possessor of a Roneo or other duplicator had to declare the fact to the police. Furthermore, it was not only necessary to obtain a permit from the Commissaire de Police before one could be bought, but the need for its use had to be proved. I could not see myself importuning the Commissaire de Police for authorisation to publish an underground paper. Neither could there be any question of using a Roneo belonging to a business house. It would, of necessity, have been registered at the police station, there would have been the chance of some informer finding out, and in any case its transport would have attracted the attention of police or neighbours. The noiseless duplicator which we were using had been brought to my flat in separate pieces.

One isn't born a conspirator. Some will say: "That's why we were unable to offer opposition to the German occupation." A poor excuse. No matter what one can or cannot do, where there's a will there's a way. The will is enough. Let it be remembered that the first two numbers of *Valmy* were produced with a child's printing set. No excuse is needed for resistance. The "wait and see" attitude is shameful.

The numbers for July and August caused us less bother. These were printed and 3,000 copies were produced, the last number even appearing as a four-page edition. A

¹ This is not an error; the Italians were employed by the Germans for such despicable work.

friend had put us in touch with the printer. Perhaps printer is too flattering a word. He was a handyman who had agreed to do this clandestine work, which was well paid into the bargain, in order to keep fully occupied.

The August number was the last to appear. Stronger repressive measures were already being enforced. Distribution was managed only with great difficulty. The police were making house-to-house inquiries and searching passers-by in the streets and on the Métro, even going so far, under the mocking eye of the Gestapo, as to undress them.

As a measure of discretion, *Valmy* did not appear in September. Also, our printer let us down. We had to look for another. This was no easy quest, but finally we found one. Unfortunately, just as the printing was to begin a relative of the printer set herself absolutely against it. She ran into the road, threatening to denounce us immediately to the police if we did not take back our “copy.” Mme Engot, who each week aided escaped French prisoners to cross the demarcation line, had accompanied me, and she wanted to knock down this would-be informer in the open street.

We decided to go back to our old machine. A month had been lost.

Valmy was to have been printed at a factory one Saturday afternoon, but the same morning I learned that a woman who was to have left for the Midi a few days later, and whose collaboration I had sought unsuccessfully, had been visited by the police. I knew that she had given copies of the paper to them. Fearing that she might know more than I thought, or that information describing me and my meeting-places had been given, I preferred to leave France, after having burned all my papers and said good-bye to my helpers. Thus I fulfilled the promise I had made to my friends at the outset—to take full responsibility upon myself.

No longer was it a question of a few weeks, or even of a few days. The ring was closing in. I could sense the German jack-boot at my heels.

The time had come.

IV

HOW "VALMY" WAS WRITTEN

I HAVE already told how the work was partitioned between the writers. Here is the way in which the editing was done, and the manner in which articles were chosen. Material was never lacking.

An editorial committee, always meeting in one of our homes, was held before each number. We discussed the subject-matter for articles and the policy of the paper. We tried to keep abreast of current events, which was not easy in a monthly publication. In principle, at least, *Valmy* appeared on the fifteenth of each month.

Here, for example, are the ideas which guided us from the original number.

The first issue of *Valmy* was distributed at the end of January, after the Germans had already occupied part of France for six months. The editorial, entitled *Certitudes*, made known the attitude of the group, rejecting the dishonourable armistice and calling on the French to resist by all means in their power and to keep faith in the victory which would one day come.

In this number, "*De qui est-ce?*" was the heading of quotation from page 124 of *Mein Kampf*, of which we possessed an unexpurgated French edition. In this quotation the Fuehrer was contradicting himself. The "*De qui est-ce?*" feature was a reply to *Le Matin* which made a daily practice of quoting paragraphs aimed against Britain, paragraphs detached from their context and taken from the writings of Anglophobes.

The article on economics, which aimed at showing the scope of German exactions, was titled, "*Nos collaborateurs pillent la France.*" Following this was a quotation from a speech by General de Gaulle, which revealed clearly the guiding thoughts of the man whom we called "the soul of resistance." A bitterly ironic paragraph was directed



CONTROLLED PRESS

against Pétain, who had adopted the words, "Work, Family, Country," as his slogan. Lastly, there were two *échos*. The first, *Tolérance*, compared the Christian gospel of love with Hitler's persecution of the Jews. There is another mention of this later. The second paragraph, entitled "*Pas dégoûtés*," pilloried Philippe Henriot, the ex-deputy and traitor who wished to appear as a noble patriot.

In the second number of *Valmy* appeared *Le Canon de Gênes*, which had been written a few days after the bombardment of Genoa by a British naval squadron. This outlined the inglorious rôle allotted to the French navy in the Mediterranean and ended with an expression of the writer's confidence in it under real leaders.

The quotation from Lamartine which followed the February editorial was an affirmation of faith in the Republic. The "*De qui est-ce?*" column consisted of a cutting from *L'Oeuvre* for the 6th May 1940, and was intended to confound its author, Marcel Déat, "collaborator." Another article, "*Casse-cou*," was written to put trade-unionists on their guard against the New Order in which Pétain wished them to join. A paragraph entitled, *Les menteurs*, replied to a falsehood broadcast from Radio-Paris. Then, at the end, the article on economics, "*Le Ventre de Paris*," continued the policy of exposing ill-timed German requisitions which were bringing France near famine, a famine for which our enemies tried to blame the British Navy.

The third number was an improvement. The leading article was a model of its kind, vehement, virile, and yet carefully weighed. To such contributions as this, *Valmy* owed its success. The writer stigmatised, as it deserved, that saying of Admiral Darlan which has become ingloriously famous: "The Germans are generous victors." This article caused a slight misunderstanding. The last sentence was judged by our London correspondents to be lacking in respect towards Darlan. That beat everything!

Further contributions included "*Devant nos poêles vides*," again aimed at exposing German extortions. In this there

appeared the phrase, "The vacuum-cleaner is working well." The writer had taken up the slogan which we had printed by thousands for sticking on the walls of Paris, and which had been repeated in London broadcasts:

*L'aspirateur hitlérien
Vide le pays en moins de rien.*

Space was limited, thus we had to make a "snippet" where a lengthy article would have been justified. One of these concerned cargoes from Morocco destined for Germany. Vichy issued an official denial in order to assuage the wrath of Parisians who were beginning to suffer severely through interminable restrictions. I cannot recall by what means, but an official document proving the fact came into our hands and must still exist in Paris.

The "*De qui est-ce?*" feature of the third number was an extract from Clemenceau's memoirs relating to Pétain. Youth was given a platform in the article "*Ce que veulent les jeunes,*" written by a young man.

"*Réformes*" was contributed by a poet of great charm, a follower of Lamartine. Unknown, he believed in that future city where life will be easier for those who labour, in that coming world where there will be greater justice and happiness for all. It was during the exodus from Paris that he heard words which roused all his indignation: "*This means good-bye to your forty-hour week, paid holidays and collective contracts!*" Awarded the 1914-18 Croix de Guerre and the Verdun Medal, it was he who walked the streets of Paris on November 11th, 1940, wearing his decorations swathed in black crêpe.

To complete a column, space being precious, this slogan was inserted: "*For hatred of the Republic, our leaders are sacrificing France.*" Hundreds of copies of this, as *papillons*, were stuck on walls throughout Paris.

The two "*échos*" tended to prove the treason of certain Frenchmen, and were based on information from a trustworthy source. Then followed a "snippet," the "*phrase révolutionnaire*" extract from Gambetta's proclamation of 1871. It was an allusion to our present misfortunes.

Finally, to complete this number, there was a short patriotic poem. Our precise Alexander, editor of *Valmy*, was most anxious to correct the faulty rhyming of this.

At the Préfecture of Police, *Valmy* was indexed as a "de Gaullist organ."

To show the spirit of resistance which animated us, and illustrate the attitude of the French in the occupied zone, I cannot do better than reprint some of the articles and news items to which I have referred:

CERTITUDES

Six months have elapsed since France laid down her arms and came to terms with the enemy, contrary to her pledged word. To-day, one may assess from the unfinished history of the war some of the results obtained.

To begin with, the armistice has not ended the state of war.

For the two million French prisoners it is still war; occupied France submits to a state of siege; the so-called free zone feels itself a military protectorate.

It has been claimed that to come to terms with the enemy was a necessity. Experience proves the contrary. Norway, Holland, and Belgium, completely invaded, have continued the struggle on the seas or from vast colonial territories. Their lot is not harder than ours. If the French fleet and overseas armies had not abandoned the fight, under orders; if they had remained faithful to honour and to the allies, the Mediterranean would now be closed to the enemy, the Italian vulture would have its claws cut, and Mussolini would be hiding his shame. Is that what it was desired to avoid?

Another certainty: the union of all the Anglo-Saxon peoples—Great Britain, the Dominions, and America, united with so many forces already at war or in reserve—guarantees a successful outcome of the struggle for freedom of the hundreds of millions who have sworn to destroy tyranny and to restore hope and a free world to the enslaved and pillaged nations.

The Germans, Japanese, and Italians will not crush this expanding force, the dynamism of which increases while the Axis bends under blows from Greece and Egypt, and while its metal corrodes in the soil of China.

You, Frenchmen, have only this choice. To agree to uphold an order of life which is nothing but a welter of joyless misery,

and to accept as final a defeat turned to surrender by men hating liberty and greedy for power. You do not want that.

You know that democracy still lives. It has known betrayal and smirching, but it will not be attacked from now on without risk, for it is forging arms in the world's mightiest arsenal.

Valmy.

DE QUI EST-CE?

"By the single fact of her community of language and culture with the United States—a nation of unparalleled resources—the position of Great Britain cannot be compared with that of any European power."

Who said this?

Adolf Hitler, in *Mein Kampf*, page 124.

LE CANON DE GÈNES

On the 9th of February, at dawn, a strong British squadron bombarded the port of Genoa, destroying installations and warehouses, securing hits on industrial premises, and disorganising possible preparations for an attack on North Africa.

This brilliant naval action demonstrates several truths.

First, that the British fleet still controls the seas, not only the Atlantic where the British flag flies almost alone, except for allied flags, but also the Mediterranean which an overweening braggart claims as his own.

Secondly, that Great Britain is protecting the African continent, coveted by Hitler and Mussolini.

Lastly, that the default of the French fleet prolongs the war in Europe. If the war at sea had not ended with the dishonourable armistice, whatever one may pretend, Italy, to-day, would be beaten. Her long coastline, open to every risk of invasion, could not have been defended against the blows which would have been struck. Strong French contingents would have constituted an army of deliverance.

All this was to be heard in the guns at Genoa.

But we will not despair. The Axis powers, to-day on the defensive, are still capable of massive blows. They cannot control the sea without our connivance. The very idea of such a betrayal, following the armistice, is odious to every Frenchman.

On the contrary, we await the day when real leaders will again take up the struggle to release the suffering and pillaged land of France, which no man can forsake without failing in his duty.

Valmy.

DE QUI EST-CE?

"Our British allies are steadily increasing the dispatch of reinforcements to France. We possess growing forces of native troops. Lastly, and above all, on the word of the most competent authorities, modern armaments count for more than mere numbers.

"On this point the excellent writings of Colonel de Gaulle, or those of the present *président du Conseil* (Paul Reynaud), should be re-read.

Who said this?

Marcel Déat, in *L'Oeuvre*, May 6th, 1940.

LE COUP MONTE

Admiral Darlan has just achieved world-wide notoriety at a single stroke. A certain number of historic phrases, generally from war-leaders, circle the globe. To these must now be added the most recent—"The Germans are generous victors."

Sixty thousand civilians massacred on the roads during their flight, thousands of wounded soldiers dispatched without pity, tens of thousands of the people of Alsace and Lorraine hounded from their native soil, two million prisoners condemned to forced labour or misery, private coffers opened and emptied, French commerce monopolised by German industrialists, the exaction of a daily tribute of 400,000,000 francs, the real wealth of the country drained away with monstrous avidity by the most insatiable ogre that the Western world has known—that is the balance-sheet of German generosity.

If Monsieur Darlan takes the French people for imbeciles, he may continue to make fools of them . . . until Tribunals of the People are formed.

This spontaneous attack on France, still too proud in her grief, is not the wild statement of a drinking bout, understandable after a revel with the "generous" Abetz, Laval, and de Brinon. It is a premeditated insult, as surely premeditated as the capitulation.

We know to-day why the defeat was turned into a rout. We know who was DETERMINED on capitulation and who hastened to stifle the patriotic ardour of the fleet and colonial army. France had to be shackled to the "New Order" and the keepers of the chains soon revealed themselves.

A start was made by giving up a part of Indo-China, without reference to the Indo-Chinese. Now North Africa is being opened to the enemy, no matter what North Africa may wish. The

HOW "VALMY" WAS WRITTEN

French fleet will serve the Germans for action against the French. Thus has a sailor decided, a sailor who cares nothing for the French and is willing to see them killed for the King of Prussia.

After all, it is a useful coincidence that the great leaders of our army have such "European" names as Weygand, Huntzinger, and Dentz. M. Darlan, from envy, is dreaming of modifying his visiting cards so that they read: "Peter Darlahn, Gross-Admiral der Flotte."

Valmy.

DEVANT NOS POÊLES VIDES

In 1938 French mines produced 47 million tons of coal, and we imported 22 million tons. Of these imports 50 per cent came from England and the balance from Belgium and Germany.

Failing British anthracite we should be satisfied with coal from our own mines. Where have our 47 million tons gone? Is transport the trouble? Yes, in a one-way sense, for the German vacuum-cleaner works most efficiently.

Since imports represented only one-third of our consumption, where are the other two-thirds?

That is what you wondered as you sat freezing with your children in a fireless home while our "collaborators" lolled in luxurious, super-heated hotels.

ECHOS

The Germans are loading COMPLETE CARGOES in Morocco, destined for Germany.

Valmy knows of documentary proof.

Official denials are worthless.

DE QUI EST-CE?

"Loucheur is very dissatisfied with Pétain, whom he considers completely defeatist, and who said a few days ago, 'Peace parleys should be opened.' About this Loucheur consulted Foch, whom he had known a long time, and Foch replied, 'It is madness; greater difficulties have been surmounted.'"

Who said this?

Raymond Poincaré.

(Extract from the *Memoirs of Poincaré*, Vol. 10, March 28th, 1918, page 94).

RÉFORMES

Last June, in central France during the panic exodus, strange and sickening talk was heard from a stout gentleman, one of the

"right people." Was he worried by the misfortunes of France? Not at all. Hectoring the exhausted refugees, he shouted at them, "This means good-bye to your forty-hour week, paid holidays, and collective contracts!"

The poor . . . He knew nothing of the economic impotence of the old, self-centred, and anarchic capitalism. He did not foresee or, above all, hope for British resistance, the Italian collapse, and American resolution . . . signs precursing a new, modern, and humane society.

Finally, to end this chapter, here is the editorial, "14 juillet, 1941," which was displayed boldly across two columns in the special number of *Valmy* which we produced in honour of the Republic, still living in our hearts.

14 JUILLET 1941

In the glorious days of the Revolution, when the armies of tyranny menaced our soil, the Commune of Paris declared the country in danger.

To-day, tyranny is rampant in the country of liberty, the enemy tramples French soil, the country is in mortal peril. This is not so much through the occupation as through the assent of friends of the enemy.

In 1793 the entire nation defended the Republic, first symbol of a united and indivisible country. The enemies of the Republic who were then friends of the enemy, hid themselves in the invader's wagons.

In 1940 they served him as an advance guard. They were in position before him.

Working persistently to demoralise the army during the "phoney war," spreading panic during the invasion, they were seen, when the enemy was well installed and treason could be practised with impunity, to talk with authority in their turn and attack the State as gangsters attack their terrorised victims.

Now they jeer at honour and fidelity; they flatter the enemy and degrade the people; they seek to destroy all rectitude and to corrupt every conscience. They shout every day that evil is good; they want us to believe that the false is true.

Frenchmen, be upright again. You come of a race with clear judgment and a free soul. You are not a people to cower like dogs; you can leave these temporary rulers to lick the Prussian boots.

Lift your heads and clench your fists. You are strong because

HOW "VALMY" WAS DISTRIBUTED

you desire to live. To-morrow the enemy will quake, and the friends of the enemy will tremble, when you cry with us

LONG LIVE THE REPUBLIC, LONG LIVE LIBERTY!

For this number we had secured fine quality paper, which we lined from top to bottom of the page with the national colours, an incomparable luxury for an underground paper, entailing three printings.

Some friends criticised us severely for this because, they said, it would make us appear to dispose of large funds. Alas, the paper was given away without charge, and we were not financed except from our own pockets.

Should I not have quoted everything we printed? All the articles are in the same vein, written in the heat of action.

I am often asked: "Does resistance really exist in France?"

Resistance?

Here it is!

V

HOW "VALMY" WAS DISTRIBUTED

WHILE less than 300 copies of *Valmy* were being printed the distribution was easy. At that time repression was comparatively light and people were not being searched in the streets. On the other hand, *Valmy* was reproduced in hundreds and thousands of copies by unknown people who had better opportunities than ourselves. A private firm produced ten thousand copies in one printing. I do not know how these supporters organised their distribution. Moreover, we never asked any questions.

From the time *Valmy* was produced on the duplicator, nobody knew where or how the paper was got together except those who actually produced it. Not even the editor of *Valmy*, Alexander, knew how it was printed or, later, who was the printer.

The distribution problem began with the May number, when the printing rose to 500 copies. Each helped to solve it in his own way, primarily through the linked-up groups of the Pentagon and personal contacts. In addition, the especially strong and active NO-RE-PRAL group had means which I cannot yet reveal. This group had affiliated sections in the provinces and the paper went thus into the unoccupied zone. In London I learned from an escaped officer that his prison camp received *Valmy*. I do not know how, but that it happened at all was a pleasant and unexpected surprise for me.

Lastly, certain groups had to be supplied, and it was here that Mme Raymonde stepped into the breach. She was still a young woman and was of uncommon courage and devotion. She was ready to give assistance during any of the twenty-four hours, and proved it on many occasions. With a most ingenuous air she said to me one day: "Even if I knew my death would be certain after having killed Hitler, I would not hesitate for a second."

Mme Raymonde knew all our agents, all our groups, all our secrets. She had an unrivalled discretion and assured the link between all. Of her we knew only her Christian name. When repression was fiercest, it was she who carried the paper to the groups. Most of the time she had the paper in her "dumpy" umbrella, and she would give the police her sauciest smile, revealing her pearl-like teeth, as she passed.

In occupying herself thus she preserved my freedom. If she had been arrested the movement would have continued. When I had important documents to deliver, Mme Raymonde would meet me at my house and precede me by two or three yards along the street, acting as a scout. If we were surprised by a police-cordon in one of the Métro inter-change subways, with a smile even more seductive than usual she would raise her frock high enough to give a glimpse of the legs of which she was justly proud and pretend to adjust a suspender. The French and German police would make sure of getting a good view,

se rinçaient l'oeil, as we say in Paris. As for me, I took the hint that the section was dangerous and retraced my steps.

One day I had a portfolio crammed with important papers to deliver to a friend who could use them to greater advantage than myself. In order not to take Mme Raymonde from her work, for which interruption she would accept no compensating payment, I neglected to tell her of my excursion. Bad luck came of it. The flat I went to had been occupied for several days by Germans. These idiots allowed me to walk off again.

When I told Mme Raymonde this little story the next day she roared with laughter. All the same, I'd had a good fright.

At the time I had to flee from Paris, she did not cease for a moment to watch over my security with untiring devotion. It was she who preoccupied herself every day with finding me a place of refuge for the night, she who chased all over Paris each day to make inquiries. She kept with me right up to the time I left France.

If I cite examples, like those of Mme Raymonde, of Mme Suzanne Poujet, of Mme Engot, who hid escaped French prisoners in her house, of young girls like Mlle Houpette, who maintained a connection between the occupied and unoccupied zones, and Mlle Hélène l'Ardennaise, who made her way into the unoccupied zone by swimming rivers, it is only to show that the women of France are resisting the oppressor as tenaciously as the men.

Here are two incidents which I can record next to each other with some amusement.

When leaving one of our editorial committees, Alexander, who had with him the articles for *Valmy*, was stopped by the police. We had just separated. The police searched him, took his portfolio, and drew from it the unfortunate papers. Then the editor of *Valmy* said in a good-natured voice:

"Surely the amorous correspondence of a man like me cannot interest you."

The police handed back the papers without reading them.

For a moment, Alexander had felt very hot indeed.

On one occasion when Mme Suzanne Poujet was carrying in her handbag some copies of *Valmy* which she intended to pass on to a group, she got caught in a police raid in the Métro subway. Without hesitation, she went directly up to a policeman, pulled out her identity card, presented it to him and, with quick wit, said:

"Tactless little man! So you want to know my age? Well, here it is."

"You can go," replied the policeman.

For a moment, Mme Suzanne Poujet had also felt very hot indeed.

As will be seen, resistance is not lacking in danger. Some among us were given prison sentences. We have three executions to mourn.

Nobody talked. One day the account will be settled.

PART THREE

I

RESISTANCE

PARISIANS are, of course, resisting. Their opposition varies with their temperament and courage. They act positively or passively according to the degree of opposition they feel. Under humiliation some clench their fists, others throw themselves into active resistance. This is proved by the demonstrations which have taken place in Paris.

The demonstration on the 11th May 1941, Joan of Arc's fête day, took on the character of a people's rising. There is no doubt that if the crowd had possessed arms a riot would have ensued. Parisians made their way to three centres in the capital, to St. Augustin's, to the statue of Joan of Arc in the Place des Pyramides, and to the Unknown Soldier's tomb in the Place de l'Étoile. At St. Augustin's the demonstration ended at four in the afternoon without incident. In the Champs Elysées, however, demonstrators clashed with German officers.

In the Place des Pyramides it was very different. The crowds, held back by police-cordons, formed a long file which passed through the Tuileries, under the arcade of the Rue de Rivoli and round the statue, dispersing afterwards in the Rue des Pyramides. Comments were plentiful. German officers passing along the Rue de Rivoli had already been greeted with jeering whistles without any serious police action. The demonstrators, many of whom had come merely from curiosity, got bolder.

The national anthem was being hummed quietly when Alexander, in his strong voice, took up the first lines of the Marseillaise, and it rang out like a bugle call on that

sunny afternoon. The writers of *Valmy* accompanied him and gained an echo from the crowd. The song which had not been heard for so long welled up, growing louder. The police were reluctant to intervene.

Alexander beat out the rhythm on the pavement with his stick. His firm voice, energetic look, and fine bearing marked him as a leader to the crowd, and they grouped themselves behind him. They were no longer a formless mass but a procession, hooting Laval, Déat, and Doriot under the windows of the *Parti Populaire Français*. In the Avenue de l'Opéra, German soldiers were roughly handled, and women with them fled quickly through side streets. Close beside me, an elderly Frenchwoman hooted in the faces of German officers who were standing, livid with rage, on the steps of the Del Monico. They did not dare use their revolvers.

The crowd had broken loose.

At the corner of the Avenue de l'Opéra and Rue Daunou a German lorry which tried to force a way through the throng was overturned. The marchers, still singing patriotic songs, turned into the Boulevard des Capucines and proceeded to the Boulevard de la Madeleine, to reach the Place St. Augustin by the Boulevard Malesherbes. The police, having been warned, drove up in cars and dispersed the demonstrators. Some arrests were made, but only three persons were detained. The next day a fine of twenty million francs was imposed on the City of Paris by the occupation authorities.

On the 14th July, display of the national colours was forbidden. Parisians gathered at the Arc de Triomphe wearing cockades, brooches, and ribbons of tricolour. Anything which suggested the blue, white, and red of France saw service. Parisian women showed great ingenuity, both in dressing and in decorating their clothes to suggest the forbidden colours. One could see young girls, three abreast, marching arm-in-arm in Alsatian fashion, one wearing a blue, one a white, and one a red dress. Men who had been unable to get the national colours bought boxes of matches bearing a tricolour

cockade. They fixed these in their breast-pockets so that the colours showed.

On this occasion the police intervened at the same time as German troops. Everything symbolising France had to be taken off. Women in frocks which, through the addition of flowers or some design, suggested the national colours, had to remove them.

German propaganda, which had made so many efforts to rally French people to the support of the Vichy Government, made patriotism a crime for Parisians.

Four thousand arrests were made.

* * * * *

For a long time the V campaign was in full swing in the capital. Walls, posters, and pavements were smothered in V's, drawn with coloured pencils or chalk. V's and H's replaced the more usual scrawls in public lavatories. The platforms of the Métro were littered with used tickets arranged in the shape of a V or H (*Honneur*). I think that it was to end this that the railway authorities, probably urged on by the Germans, substituted the weekly travel card for return tickets. What made me think this was that it was just the way the Germans went about achieving their object.

The weekly travel card certainly represented a saving of fifty centimes a day, with the privilege of travelling after 9 p.m. at a reduced price, but for some unknown reason Parisians were obliged to take the train always from the same station and to return to it.¹ This made it impossible, after leaving work, to secure provisions except in one's own district. There were so many protests that the weekly card regulations had to be relaxed. Users were allowed to begin their return journey from any station on the system. The use of these cards became general, and one could even have several cards, permitting a similar number of journeys daily.

¹ Normally on the Métro single-price tickets covering the whole system were issued, permitting travel between any two stations. These were shown at the beginning of a journey only and it was not necessary to surrender them at exits. *Translator's Note.*

The Germans had achieved their purpose of doing away with the greater part of the issue of tickets. That is the reason why there are seldom any V's of used tickets on the Métro now.

Many shopkeepers, if not a majority, showed their opposition in a manner which was really original. In their windows, by an apparently casual grouping of various items, they made up the national colours which so offended German eyes. A haberdasher would show ties; a jeweller, brooches; a fancy-goods shop, dress-trimmings; a store, tricoloured ribbon; and so on. During the Christmas and New Year season confectioners and pastrycooks sold blue, white, and red sweets in boxes tied up with tricolour ribbon.

Some of the disabled soldiers' associations placed on the Unknown Soldier's tomb wreaths bearing a disproportionately broad ribbon in national colours. Up till recently the statue of Clemenceau in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, near which German troops liked to be photographed, was decked with bunches of flowers each day, all bound with blue, red, and white ribbons.

Wall-writing became so widespread that the Prefect of Police issued an order compelling traders to clean off any abusive messages scrawled on their shop-fronts. A special squad was selected by the police to rub out, or scratch off with pen-knives, similar writings across posters. The large areas which had to be cut away by the police provided ample evidence of wall-writing activities.

Under cover of darkness, some supporters of Free France wrote in red-lead on the walls of a Paris church, "*Vive de Gaulle*." The next day the verger had to scrape off this subversive inscription. The work was done so thoroughly that one can now read, cut in the stone, an indelible "*Vive de Gaulle*."

Municipal workers, employed in street-cleaning, used liquid tar to obliterate signs on the pavements.

The chief of the military administration in France issued an order that clandestine writings coming into the possession of any person must be taken to the nearest French or German police-station. In virtue of this, one of my

friends lost no opportunity of sending *Valmy* to the Kommandatur, accompanied by a letter in these terms:

"SIR,

"To comply with the wishes of the Chief of the Military Administration, I hasten to send you the latest issue of *Valmy* which has just been published.

"I am, etc."

Not unnaturally, the writer preferred to remain anonymous. This same friend took the trouble each day to write a long letter to *Le Matin*, pointing out the falsehoods and contradictions printed in the paper.

"Collaborators" were frequent recipients of anonymous letters threatening them with death. The head of one municipal service received some which were so violent that he was thoroughly scared. He called in the police, but investigations by "flatties" from the Prefecture were in vain.

So many *Croix de Lorraine* were being worn that action was taken against this. The women then wore them in other colours, only red having been forbidden.

On the Métro I often met a man who wore a blue, white, and red feather in his hat. One writer for *Valmy*, on the 11th of November 1940, walked about Paris all day displaying his 1914-18 decorations prominently, each of them swathed in black crêpe.

During last winter, one of my friends was having an apéritif in a café beside a group of German officers who were seated. In their belts they had the long dagger which is replacing the sword. This friend, who had proved himself a worthier Frenchman than Marshal Pétain by daily resistance, took hold of a weapon gently, withdrew it, put it under his coat, then paid his bill and left. Without striking a blow, he had disarmed the conqueror.

Ordinarily, to leave one's house between midnight and 5 a.m. is forbidden, except with an authorisation from the Kommandatur. Despite this, some twenty men I knew quite well went to Boulogne-sur-Seine one night and broke into the Parc des Princes, where a large number of slightly damaged German tanks, waiting for repair at the Renault

works, have been garaged since the German campaign in France. They damaged them thoroughly enough to put them out of commission for many months.

How many such acts of sabotage are unknown?

An entire book would not be sufficient to describe all the various forms which resistance takes in Paris.

II

THE ASHES OF THE DUC DE REICHSTADT

SHOULD there be any doubt about the feelings of Parisians, one day in particular showed clearly the French people's resistance to oppression—the ceremony of returning the ashes of the Duc de Reichstadt. In such circumstances what a nation really thinks may be perceived.

The German-controlled newspapers miss no opportunity of suggesting that collaboration has the support of all Frenchmen. That those who think to the contrary are nothing but scoundrels, a negligible minority, is, of course, understood.

If this were true, would prisons be full, fines so heavy, and "collective punishments" so frequent?

The Germans have no illusions on the subject, Hitler least of all. Hitler, who visits Paris between midnight and 5 a.m. for fear of an attempt on his life. Hitler, who has all rail traffic stopped when he comes to France so that no bomb can be thrown from a train passing his own. I imagine that the Fuehrer has no doubts about his popularity in France, otherwise he would have long since given himself the luxury of an ovation during a parade down the Champs Elysées. He knows very well that if he did so he would be more likely to receive a bullet from a patriot, ready to sacrifice his life following Colette's example, than the cheers of Vichy's flunkies.

That is why the ashes of the Duc de Reichstadt were

brought to Paris secretly by night, at an hour when no Parisian is allowed to be out.

The transfer was made by candle-light, without witnesses.

At any other time, with a great concourse of Parisians, naturally so enthusiastic, the ceremony would have been of a most moving character. As it was, the occasion was no more than a masquerade, a mummerly of *mi-carême*.

When Paris learned of it from the newspapers next day there was a universal shout of laughter. People began saying: “We need potatoes and they send us ashes.”

The Germans were in a rage, and even more so because by means of this grotesque ceremony Hitler had counted on isolating Marshal Pétain at Versailles.

The attempt had failed.

III

“COLLABORATORS”

I WRITE without hate.

I went through the 1914-18 war in the infantry. At nineteen I was in the front line. I returned with six wounds and the *Médaille militaire*.

An ardent pacifist, from 1920 I held out my hand to the Germans in the hope of building a new Europe. During an international democratic congress I watched personally over the safety of the German and Austrian delegates, mainly parliamentarians. In my own country I upheld President Wilson.

Alas! pacifists, we little knew warlike and Hitlerite Germany.

I have remained a lover of peace, but I do not think it is necessary to cease being a patriot because one is a pacifist, or that pacifism should be a renunciation of war carried to the extent of treason.

To use a word which has come out of this war with a special meaning—what is a “collaborator”?

The worker in the factory, who makes weapons for use against freedom, is he a “collaborator”? Very often he has been taken into the industrial army against his will. His work shows the effect of it. He alone knows of the sabotage he does. In the day of victory, how will it be possible to differentiate between him and his fellow-worker who has deliberately worked for the enemy? Will the criterion be whether a French worker has been engaged in his own country or in a German factory?

In an earlier chapter, I outlined the way in which labour is recruited for work in Germany. For every volunteer, how many have been conscripted? In this conflict, which is not only a clash of arms but a struggle between two opposed philosophies, and in which two different conceptions of life are entangled, how can a true judgment be made? There is confusion in hearts and spirits.

I know sincere “collaborators” who love France, who love peace, who still think Pétain incapable of treason and consider an understanding with Germany possible. I have no doubt that they are mistaken, but the hammerings of French and German propaganda together leaves them a glimmer of hope. I trust that they will not realise too late the road they have followed.¹

There are others, less worthy of notice, unable to understand or delve deeply into the reasons for this war. Disheartened by pre-war politics, or indifferent to the drama which they unconsciously witness, their pre-occupation is with material things. They worry over pensions which may be stopped, or over their position which may be compromised. They do not necessarily love Hitler’s Germany.

Finally, there are those who prefer gains to morals, those inspired by greed, those who hope for a German victory because it will bring them the exhilaration of

¹ This was written before Laval came to power. It may be affirmed that this class of French people has either disappeared or greatly diminished.

power which democracy denied them. These are not “collaborators.” They are traitors.

Pétain, Darlan, Laval, Déat, Doriot, Luchaire, de Brinon, and their henchmen are traitors. These traitors are leaders whose deeds are known.

Traitors? They are to be found in every class because the corruption of Nazi vileness has touched every level of society. I will not trouble to indict all of them. The people of France will do that one day. What I want to make known are certain incidents which portray the mentality of some.

On the evening of 11th May 1941 M. Marcel Déat, dining in a restaurant on the boulevards in the company of a French officer in mufti, said, speaking of the Joan of Arc’s day demonstration: “The Germans don’t handle the French firmly enough.”

M. Laval had a film made of the battle at Oran and offered it to the Fuehrer as a “token of friendship.” Later, this film was used as propaganda on French screens.

There are “collaborators” of less importance who think themselves unknown, like M. André Berton, Advocate of the Paris Court of Appeal, one-time Communist deputy, who dines regularly with M. Laval.

Paul Allard, who between the two wars wrote a book about secrets of the censorship, where he served in 1914-18; who revealed the inside story of Parliamentary secret committees; who wrote so many newspaper articles on frauds, German ciphers, the war of the ether, and so on, is to-day a “collaborator.” He was commissioned by the occupation authorities to search for and report on those responsible for France’s defeat, all for the benefit of readers of *Le Matin*. He accomplished the task with considerable bias.

M. Albert Lebrun, ex-President of the Republic, has returned to Mercy-le-Haut to cultivate his land, by permission of the Germans.

On the 1st of November 1940 the German officers on the Armistice Commission at Wiesbaden ordered their French colleagues to place on the monument to twelve

French prisoners a wreath brought expressly from Vichy by aeroplane. The order was given in such offensive terms that the French officers, who did not take kindly to truckling under, refused to comply.

General Huntzinger, who was to leave the Commission the following day to become Vichy's War Minister, submitted to placing the wreath on the Wiesbaden monument in his own name. The French officers said: "Had we foreseen this, we should have followed de Gaulle."

The Armistice Commission at Wiesbaden has not really functioned for a long while. Vichy negotiates, if it is still correct to use such a word, directly with Berlin, not even bothering to inform the Commission. When Berlin makes a decision, members of the Commission ask for instructions from Vichy. The reply is always the same: "It is agreed."

The bitterness of these officers, whose presence at Wiesbaden is quite valueless, can be understood.

The "collaborators" are always eager to satisfy German needs, if they have failed to anticipate them. They offer the enemy more than he demands. Here is an instance.

At the start of the Russian campaign, the Germans demanded delivery by France of 5,000 railway tank-cars. Vichy did better than this. Not only were all available tank-cars sent to Germany, but Hitler was also offered, as soon as ready, those being repaired.

On that day, Germany's master was able to take the contemptible measure of the Vichy lackeys. I am repeating the words of an officer of the Armistice Commission.

During Marshal Pétain's visit to St. Etienne, local workers, well known for their professional integrity, complained of being under-fed. To them the Marshal replied: "My friends, I know it. We have been plundered."

No, *Monsieur le Maréchal*, we have been sold.

* * * * *

The attitude of Pétain during the last war is known, thanks to the memoirs of Clemenceau and Joffre, whose books have now been withdrawn from the public libraries and are unobtainable from bookshops. Known also is the

rôle the Marshal played before and during the present war, in France as well as in Madrid, where he began his country's betrayal. I will not therefore elaborate it.

Is it known that even before the armistice Pétain gave an order by telephone to French soldiers that they were to surrender? They were disarmed and confined to barracks. Thus it was that the Germans, without a blow, made among others, forty thousand prisoners at Nantes and forty-five thousand at Angoulême.

Pétain talks of “our poor, dear prisoners” with the tremulous voice of an old stage-comedian. He caused a million to be taken.

French gold stocks which were in Paris were transferred to Dakar to keep them from the Germans who aimed to seize them. When the affair at Dakar happened the French Government no longer knew what to do with the gold. They feared that the Free French Forces might take it, together with the town. The Vichy Government quickly ordered the gold to be buried in . . . the sands of Senegall

At the time of the Dakar attack, a London broadcast announced that German officers were already in Dakar, capital of Senegal. This was denied by the Vichy radio, which made a great fuss, emphasising the dishonesty of the British station, caught out in a flagrant lie. It is true that there were no German officers at Dakar, but Radio-Vichy lied, nevertheless.

This is what happened.

German officers had certainly left by air for Dakar. During the flight engine trouble forced them to land at Capablanca. Learning of the information given out from London, the Vichy Government cabled the crew of the aeroplane to wait for a few days before continuing the flight. This allowed Vichy to issue the denial. At that time the fact was important. Without unexpected engine trouble over Morocco, the Germans would have been well and truly in Dakar when the London announcement was made.

Radio-Vichy ment

Radio-Vichy ment

Radio-Vichy est allemand.

I can vouch for the truth of these facts. Later, when it can be done without prejudicing the freedom of another, I will give the sources of my information.

IV

COLLABORATIONIST PRESS

IN the occupied zone the newspapers are collaborationist, or they would not appear. Their character cannot be doubted when it is known that the daily press conferences are attended by Lieutenant Schmidt, representing the occupation authorities and delegated by the German Embassy.

To give a complete list from memory is difficult, but here are the principal dailies:

Le Matin: Stéphane Lauzanne took his place again on *Le Matin* some months after it reappeared. This paper was the first to be published following the German entry into Paris. In fact, its voluntary suspension lasted only a few days. *Le Matin* may be considered the official French organ of the German military administration in the occupied zone. Frequently it publishes official information which does not appear until next day in the *Journal Officiel de l'État Français*. This tends to prove what is in fact true, namely, that no decision is taken by Vichy unless it has been previously endorsed by the occupation authorities.

Is there any need to repeat that the Marshal's Government is not free? This is not an excuse for Vichy. Marshal Pétain signed an honourable armistice, so he declared, which left part of France free. Even admitting that this was accurate, the Marshal has since, by his policy, surrenders, and climbing-down, left the enemy master of the country and its colonies.

In *Le Matin* Germany outlines all its campaigns and

gives its instructions. It was in *Le Matin* that this significant phrase addressed to Marshal Pétain appeared: "Pétain must remember that the Chancellor of the Reich was supported by a plebiscite of his own people. That is not true of him." This was intended to make it clear that if Pétain failed to follow the general lines of policy dictated by the Germans he would be replaced.

During the first months of the occupation, Ferdonnet, the French Haw-Haw, controlled *Le Matin*, but his talents later found other employment.

L'Oeuvre: After having first appeared in the unoccupied zone, this paper resumed publication in Paris under the direction of Marcel Déat. *L'Oeuvre* still claims to be Republican. Jean Piot, the former editor, continued his association at first, but later left the paper.

La Fouchardière, pacifist, conscientious objector, and anti-militarist, still airs his sarcastic prose, as before the war. This tilter at academicians, clergymen, and generals, has at last found a social system which suits him—the Hitler régime.

Through the columns of *L'Oeuvre*, Georges Rivollet, champion of war-widows and orphans at the *Confédération Nationale des Anciens Combattants*, now exhorts his comrades to collaborate with the enemy. The widows and orphans of murdered hostages do not arouse the compassion of Georges Rivollet.

Aujourd'hui: This is a new paper, with monarchist tendencies, which began publication in occupied France some months after the Germans entered Paris. The first editor of *Aujourd'hui* was Henri Jeanson, who soon gave way to Georges Suarez, and it has since been stated with assurance that Jeanson has been shot by the Germans.

Georges Suarez has made himself the biographer of Briand, whom he criticises, and contributes editorials regularly to *Gringoire*.

Les Temps Nouveaux: Jean Luchaire, the editor, is as

venal as his daughter, who is generally considered to be the intimate friend of Abetz.

Also being published are: *Paris-Midi*, *Paris-Soir*, *L'Auto*, *La Vie Industrielle*, *Le Réveil du Peuple*, *L'Émancipation Nationale*, *Le Petit Parisien*, *La France Socialiste*, edited by Camille Planche, and others.

Among the periodicals are *Le Cri du Peuple*, belonging to Jacques Doriot, leader of the Anti-Bolshevik Legion, and *L'Appel*, directed by Pierre Constantini, an ex-squadron leader, whose rasping voice gives much amusement to cinema audiences during the screening of Nazi news-reels.

Other periodicals include *Le Pilon*, edited by Jean Lestandi; *Le Rouge et le Bleu*, edited by Charles Spinasse, another socialist convert to Nazism, like Camille Planche and Paul Faure; *L'Atelier*, with Georges Dumoulin of the old C.G.T., which corresponded roughly to the British T.U.C.; and *Die Pariser Zeitung*, a German daily containing a page in French.

Among literary papers are: *Je Suis Partout*, with Abel Bonnard and Robert Brasillac, whose presence will cause no surprise; and *La Gerbe*, with Alphonse de Chateaubriand as editor, taking the place of *Gringoire* in occupied France.

Other magazines have replaced *Marie-Claire* for fashions and *Match* for sports.

All these publications organise competitions with numerous cash prizes to interest and hold their readers. Where do they get the money and paper?

Nazism extends its authority even to cross-word puzzles. If this is doubted here is an illustration which should open any eyes. These are the general orders given to the Press on the 7th of January 1941 and not changed since.

"Imperative. The presentation of front-page head-lines must be watched closely. Column headings must be so chosen that at least one double-column heading, or two single-column headings, deal with German activities. A reminder is given that German and Italian communiqués must be given a leading place. It is not enough to have equal headings relating to the activities of the warring

nations. The point of view of the Axis powers, and their military achievements, must be given priority in the make-up of all papers."

But does anyone still read Axis communiqués?

The provincial papers have resumed publication. Their editors are obliged to conform with the requirements of collaboration. The papers comply, but I know some editors who are waiting impatiently for the moment to throw off the yoke.

L'Illustration: A reader of *L'Illustration* who cancelled his subscription because of the paper's collaborationist attitude received a letter from the management. This stated that *L'Illustration* regretted receiving a cancellation from a reader whose subscription had continued for twenty years, but that present circumstances made it difficult to change the paper's policy.

Le Petit Echo de la Mode: This is not a political paper. It is named here only to show more clearly the complete dependence of the Press on the occupation authorities. On two different occasions the Germans sought to purchase a majority of shares in *Le Petit Echo de la Mode*. They were refused. The third time they ordered the surrender of a majority of shares under threat of withholding paper supplies. *Le Petit Echo de la Mode* gave way, there was no other course.

La Victoire: Gustave Hervé's *La Victoire* was the first paper, with *Le Matin*, to appear after the Germans entered Paris. In its editorial columns the editor expressed satisfaction that the powers he demanded for Pétain had been granted. Hervé extolled the authoritarian Republic and brought out all the weapons in his old political armoury. One day he wrote candidly that there was room for criticism of some of Hitlerism's methods. The following day *La Victoire* was suppressed. In all, its reappearance had lasted for one week only. No more has been heard of Gustave Hervé.

To give information in detail about the clandestine papers read so eagerly by the French is not easy because of the very nature of underground activity. Also, I do not feel inclined to reveal certain facts which might aid the enemy and make repression more easy. Those who published, or are still publishing, underground papers are brave men. I speak from experience.

The first to appear was *Résistance*, which began to circulate in September or October 1940. It was cyclo-styled, and the pages, which were clipped together, varied between four and five from month to month. *Résistance* had only a brief life. At the end of four or five months the editors were arrested and imprisoned. Since I left France it appears that a paper of the same name is again being circulated. I doubt whether it is being issued by the original sponsors.

Pantagruel appeared immediately after *Résistance*, in October 1940. *Pantagruel* was printed, the publisher having some financial resources at his disposal. It appeared regularly every month until December 1940, when its publisher was shot by the Germans and two of his assistants were imprisoned.

Then followed a spate of clandestine news-sheets, headed by *L'Humanité*.

L'Humanité: At the beginning of the occupation, this well-known Communist paper appeared fairly frequently in a reduced format, with the lay-out of a normal daily. The type was 6 pt. Roman, headlines were carried across several columns, and the paper had an attractive appearance. Then *L'Humanité* began to feel the effects of repression more than others. The Germans' first drive was against Communists who were fly-posting propaganda notices overnight.

L'Humanité appeared afterwards in the format of a commercial brochure. The type used was still 6 pt., but there were no longer any headlines or columns. Repression became fiercer each day and issues of the paper became less and less frequent. Finally, in its turn, *L'Humanité* appeared only as opportunity offered, being produced with handwritten stencils. When I left Paris publication had ceased.

Liberté: This was at first the paper of Catholics in the unoccupied zone who were opposed to collaboration. Later it circulated in occupied France. The principals of *Liberté* have been imprisoned by the Vichy Government and the paper no longer appears.

La France Continue suspended publication because of the repressive measures against clandestine papers. It was directed by three university professors, one of whom was a convinced monarchist.

Libération is the only clandestine paper which still appears in France. It is published monthly in an edition of 100 copies. These are typed and the paper has a commercial format.

Others which must be mentioned are *Verité*, *La Voix de Paris*, *Peuple de France*, *Le Feu*, *La Guerre Continue*, and *Les Petites Ailes de France*. This latter, *Pantagruel*, and *Résistance*, were the most widely distributed.

Most of these papers were printed, and when the difficulty of finding a printer is known one can only admire the vigour and ability of their publishers.

Admiral Bard, Prefect of Police, created a special department for dealing with underground publications, and in consequence most of them disappeared entirely or suspended publication. In December 1941 only *Libération* and *Valmy* remained. *Valmy*, in its turn, has also disappeared.

Though clandestine papers may die, new ones are born every day. The torch of liberty passes into other anonymous hands, the flame of opposition persists.

To fail to mention *Salamine* in this roll of honour would be an injustice. *Salamine* is not a paper in the proper

sense of that word, for only a single copy is produced. It is the same format as *L'Oeuvre*, and appears monthly, consisting of two hand-written pages. The numerous headings are in colour and all the work is done by hand.

The style of *Salamine* is similar to that of the *Canard Enchaîné*, pungent, sarcastic, with plenty of wit and point. Nothing is missing, articles, news-items, economics, small ads., and even a serial story. It is passed from hand to hand within a limited circle only, because its publisher wants to keep these originals. As he said himself: "Since there is no independent paper to read, one must, of necessity, make one's own."

* * * * *

L'Ordre Nouveau de la Servitude and *Voyons Juste* are not underground papers, but printed leaflets.

* * * * *

There also exist numerous typewritten sheets which bear no title and are edited anonymously. These deal with single questions or launch various appeals to the French. Typists in offices and business-houses reproduce them by hundreds for handing round. Almost all bear the words, "Please copy and pass on."

* * * * *

However extraordinary it may seem that these can appear, it is necessary to be mistrustful of clandestine publications. Some are published and distributed by the Germans. At first sight they appear to be pro-British or for de Gaulle, but in the text phrases planned to create doubts about British or Free French actions will be found. This is only one of the Machiavellian devices of Nazi propaganda.

Other publications are frankly pro-ally. They may be found in the morning, round Métro stations as one goes to work. They litter the ground like autumn leaves, as if an R.A.F. plane had passed over during the night. But misfortune waits on whoever picks them up. The hidden

Gestapo seizes the guilty and hauls them off to jail. This is the case with "*L'Ordre Nouveau de la Servitude*."

Vichy tries to worm a way into the organisation of clandestine papers, introducing its own men whenever possible. I was myself the recipient of urgent entreaties on several occasions. One story is worth telling.

A young journalist, who belonged to an opposition group of which I shall write later, had invited me to visit him one evening and talk over the situation. At his home I found two people who were presented to me as engineers belonging to the same group as the young industrialist. After a general discussion, during which we found ourselves in full agreement on many topics, my listeners offered to buy *Valmy*. I was to remain as editor, and my collaborators were to remain also. The only condition imposed was that articles should be passed by those making the offer.

I was flabbergasted. No amount had been mentioned, but it was implied that this would be considerable. To get time to think, I pretended to accept the offer, stipulating, however, that I should be allowed, out of politeness, to consult my friends. A rendezvous was made for the following week. I had no intention of going, but I 'phoned the young industrialist for further information. The offer seemed most unusual and had no relation whatever to the circulation of *Valmy*. At the second meeting I learned some extraordinary facts. In confidence, I was told that the Vichy Government was very divided, that Marshal Pétain was all for General de Gaulle, and that the Chief of State had sent a high official to Paris with the object of entering into relations with opposition groups. These were to be subsidised and organised into a fifth column which would help the army of the armistice when it invaded the occupied zone to chase out the invader, during March 1942. This army was to be headed by generals who were opposed to the capitulation. The super-organisation called itself by the pompous name of "The Conspiracy of the Generals."

I had heard enough. Shortly afterwards, from prudence,

ORGANISING UNDERGROUND ACTIVITY

I let my friend know that I was very tired, that my doctor had ordered me to rest, and that I regretted being forced to give up all my activities. I had smelt the trap. My young friend had been quite sincere.

The first interview took place during the summer of 1941. March 1942?

In April 1942 Pierre Laval entered the Vichy Government as Président du Conseil.

Everything became quite clear.

VI

ORGANISING UNDERGROUND ACTIVITY

THE Communist Party have become past masters in the organisation of underground activity. I have attended communist demonstrations of three to four hundred people where the police have been unable to intervene in time.

This is how it was managed. Sympathisers were forewarned of the demonstration by the organisers. The exact time and place were indicated. Demonstrators would arrive singly and enter near-by cafés or houses. At the chosen spot and time two militant communists would unfurl a large streamer, previously rolled up under their clothes, bearing such phrases as "Down with Hitler" or "Long live freedom." This was the sign for sympathisers to group themselves round the streamer and sing revolutionary anthems. At a given signal, before the police had had time to intervene, the crowd dispersed. If the police did manage to make one or two arrests, they were attacked by demonstrators and forced to release their prisoners.

I have already told how, thanks to forming the Pentagon and to cleaning all tools and destroying any papers used in preparing *Valmy*, we were able to continue our underground work from the start of the German occupation without being too apprehensive.

Clandestine activity calls for clear judgment, forethought, pluck, extreme caution, and a suspicious outlook on life. Friends must be absolutely reliable, neither garrulous nor boastful. Nicknames need to be adopted for referring to each other in conversation, but none should be mentioned publicly, nor should a romantic conspiratorial air be assumed.

Negotiations should be conducted through a third person, and contact should be made only with those essential to the work in hand. Only trusted friends should be employed. Conversations should be guarded, no appointments being made in a loud voice. Meeting-places should be kept secret. If you go to cafés or restaurants, initials should be removed from your hat. These may provide a clue if you are being watched.

Writing should be kept at a minimum and only conventional phrases employed. Letters should be allowed to dry, or else the blotting-paper should be burned. If a typewriter is used, carbons should be burned and the ashes destroyed. The telephone should be used only after deliberation.

Nothing should be undertaken without careful advance preparation of all details. Public meetings should be avoided. If you carry important documents you should not go out alone. If you are watched, feign to read a paper. Never enter a building without first studying the approach and passing the doorway once or twice. Watch that you are not followed.

Whenever I heard steps behind me, or noticed a suspicious individual, I made a practice of stopping to read a poster, or look in a shop-window, so that the person I mistrusted might pass me. If I thought myself followed on the Métro I dismounted at an inter-change station and took another route.

When I had to arrange a meeting with someone, I chose a busy Métro station for preference. I never stood about in one place, except on pretence of studying a map of the Paris Métro system, which I knew by heart. Before approaching the person I had come to meet I made sure that I was not being spied on.

For sending messages, a woman's services are to be preferred. The meeting is then more likely to appear only as a romantic episode. There is no lack of staunch, devoted women.

If we met at a friend's house where a telephone was installed, we removed the mouthpiece completely, because even a 'phone can be dangerous. If a post-office employee had called to make repairs the 'phone was transferred elsewhere.

I never re-entered the place where I lived without first glancing up and down the road. Inside the building I took the lift, mounting always one floor higher than necessary. This enabled me to see my own landing as I passed and to make sure that nobody was waiting at the door of my flat. Then I walked down the stairs to my own floor.

Before leaving my flat, I always looked out of the window to see whether anyone seemed to be walking about in the street below.

This watchfulness must be maintained every second, every minute. If it is relaxed only once, that may be the unlucky time. As will be remembered, on the one occasion I went out alone, I just escaped being caught.

For underground work an apprenticeship is needed. The means employed vary according to place and circumstances.

This good advice may seem superfluous. Well, reader, try to take all these precautions for twenty-four hours and you will find out what a wearying drag they can be. It will be necessary for you to test discreetly that person introduced by a friend in whom you have the utmost confidence. It will be necessary to give him a test which cannot possibly compromise yourself. You will have to watch that your wife or children do not reveal your activities through idle chatter. You will also have to be mistrustful of your neighbours and the hall-porter, and, above all, you must not assume an air of mystery.

Arrange a double-life for yourself. Prepare judicious replies for those who question you. Always have a

plausible alibi ready. Avoid revealing your feelings too openly in public. Maintain an air of scepticism. Know how to change the course of awkward conversations.

If you want to wage underground war on the Germans, tell yourself that if they are not sharp-witted they are methodical, and that success is no reason for changing your line of conduct. Look into your heart, put your affairs in order. Prepare some means of escape in case things go badly.

Every morning, before leaving home, kiss your wife, your children, and your mother as if you were never to see them again. You are not certain of returning in the evening. Make the sacrifice of your life in advance.

Remember that a German never forgives.

VII

PRISONS

As soon as the Germans entered Paris they took over the prisons, as necessary to them for Frenchmen as hospitals for their own troops.

The Cherche-Midi military prison and the Petite Roquette women's prison had men and women drafted to them indiscriminately, as did the Santé and Fresnes prisons.

First to be imprisoned were those figuring on lists prepared beforehand, then followed those who, for one reason or another, had acted against collaboration. Cells intended to hold four prisoners soon confined a dozen. The Germans put detained persons in rooms, corridors, and every corner of the buildings. They were cheek by jowl with habitual criminals. Sanitation of any kind was lacking.

The prisons soon became inadequate and concentration camps were erected. There was a camp at Drancy for

Jews and another at Compiègne for Communists. Britons were confined in the barracks at St. Denis, and British women, whom the Germans dressed in old French army great-coats, were sent to a camp at Besançon.

At St. Denis the food was just eatable. The prisoners were not maltreated and were allowed to receive parcels. Leave-days were granted on condition that persons receiving the prisoners accepted responsibility in the event of an escape.

I knew an Englishman who came thus to see his family from time to time. He was escorted by a German to whom the family gave money so that the fellow could eat at a restaurant and amuse himself during the day. At five o'clock the guard would return to take charge of his prisoner and escort him to St. Denis.

The Germans never advise a family that one of its members has been arrested. All that relatives can do is to call at each prison in turn until the prisoner is found.

Relatives or friends have the right to make two visits a week to the prison. To the prison, you will note. The prisoner is only allowed one visit every three weeks, and that after the visitors have applied for a permit from a special office in the Rue St. Dominique.

Prisoners are allowed to receive from friends or relatives a change of linen and a small parcel of fruit. Bread and chocolate, among other things, are forbidden. Parcels are very closely examined before being passed to prisoners. All correspondence is forbidden. Only a piece of paper bearing the name of the person bringing the parcel is allowed.

Visiting takes place every day, between 9 a.m. and 11 a.m., and from 2 p.m. till 4 p.m. Queues outside the prison gates are endless, but permitted. In the queues one is likely to rub shoulders with a prostitute who has come to see her "protector," or with the father or wife of a man who may be shot next day. One learns news which neither the radio nor Press can give. The names and occupations of prisoners become known. Sometimes it is astonishing to learn that such and such a politician, or

industrialist, or artist, is imprisoned, and for reasons which can scarcely be credited.

After prisoners are released they sometimes return, bringing little delicacies for old comrades whose friendship they shared in moments of distress. Those freed take news to the families of those who remain. Friends and relatives organise a rota for queueing so that some comfort may be given to unfortunate prisoners. Every day the lines outside the prisons grow longer.

People have been discreet for some time now. The enemy has discovered that the queues are a storehouse of secrets. Women from the Gestapo have joined the queues, and after pouring out a story of the pretended misfortunes of some loved one who is imprisoned, they try to wheedle dangerous confessions from those made talkative by their sorrows.

Except for the Cherche-Midi prison, where the jailers are German soldiers, the prisons have retained their staffs of French warders. These have not changed their customary brow-beating manner towards the prisoners who are, however, very different from those before the war. To be a jailer one must have no heart.

At the Santé prison, French doctors, probably considered too gentle with their compatriots, have been replaced by Germans. The French doctors may only attend pimps and thieves who are in quarters separated from the general prison.

The Cherche-Midi prison has German doctors. At both the Santé and Cherche-Midi prisons even German chaplains have been changed because they were too compassionate towards the moral and physical miseries of prisoners.

In the German jails, the *verdurets*¹ strive to demoralise prisoners by many revolting methods. A prisoner is told that his family has forsaken him, that his wife is leading a loose life or living with another man. Another practice is for an officer to question a prisoner. The officer is

¹ The Germans consider the word *Boche* an insult, so to avoid prison for a mere word the French have found other names to designate their enemies. Among these are *Verdurets*, *Fridolins*, *Punaises Vertes*, *Ces Messieurs*, and *Doryphores*.

friendly, offers a cigarette, talks reasonably, and, having created an atmosphere of confidence, ends the questioning by saying: "Your case is not serious. You'll only have twenty years." Or yet again, the prisoner is summoned and, after a lecture, is told that he is to be released. But his joy is short-lived. He is returned to a cell even more foul than the one he occupied before.

SADISM!

Four or five political prisoners are guillotined every day at the Santé prison, on Pétain's orders. After this, can it be maintained that he is playing a double game with the Germans? Must French blood flow every day so that he may better deceive the invader about his true feelings? What a sinister comedy!

HOW HEROES DIE

Cathela, the communist deputy for Amiens, was incarcerated at the Santé prison. By order of Pétain he was guillotined on the 26th September 1941, at five in the morning.

He displayed great courage. Before mounting the scaffold, he declared to the French authorities superintending his execution that he was conscious of having done his duty, and that he gave his life in the hope of a better world.

Those present were deeply moved.

* * * * *

The communist Nogarède, knowing the consequences he was inviting, had the courage to make a speech from a stall in an open-air suburban market one Sunday morning. He was taken to the Cherche-Midi prison and tried by a tribunal of German officers.

Nogarède did not spare the judges his invective. He knew that he would be condemned to death.

In the evening, at five o'clock, while he was sitting on the prison paving eating soup from a bowl, a sentry came

to tell him the verdict of the tribunal which had been held that same morning.

The prisoner rose, gave the clenched fist salute, and, without flinching, listened to the tribunal's decision. The fateful words broke an impressive silence.

"Condemned to death. Execution to-morrow morning."

Nogarède sang the *Marseillaise*.

The band leader, Godefroy Andolfi, the director of the Hotchkiss works, Biscaye, and the Vice-President of the Paris Municipal Council, who were only imprisoned for six weeks, should provide an excellent electoral argument after the war. They were moved to tears.

A few moments later the same sentry fetched Nogarède and led him to the condemned cell, where he was to spend the night. Nogarède shook hands with every prisoner, embracing those who were communists, and declared, like Cathela, that he was dying for a better world, adding that his blood would be upon Pétain.

"To-morrow," he said, "think of me. I shall be shot at Vincennes, singing the *Marseillaise*."

In the night the prisoners heard the *Internationale* being sung. At 4 a.m. next morning a Black Maria entered the prison yard.

From behind their bars the prisoners heard a last *Marseillaise* rising to the stars.

Nogarède, the communist, had said farewell to his friends.

PART FOUR

I

POLICE, GARDE-REPUBLICAINE, GENDARMERIE, FIRE SERVICE

POLICE

THE Germans are more firmly entrenched in the police service than anywhere. They are to be found in every department of the Préfecture. They have their own quarters on the ground floor of a building in the Cour de la Cité, to which entrance is forbidden.

Germans seldom undertake the arrest of suspected persons. They put this work on to the Paris police, usually accompanying them. Arrests are generally made at 5 a.m. The police set a cordon round the building which houses the suspect, and then seize him in bed. To tell of all the work undertaken by the police, willingly or unwillingly, is impossible. I will try, rather, to describe their present frame of mind.

That Admiral Bard¹ replaced M. Marchand as Prefect of Police is well known. M. Marchand, though a "collaborator," did not satisfy the Nazis. On the day following the Joan of Arc demonstration he was sacked. The police service was also purged, heads of departments being replaced and many officers being dismissed or forced to retire. Some were imprisoned and others were shot.

Most of the older police are opposed to collaboration, but those newly enrolled are all "collaborators." So far as the police departments are concerned, a distinction must be made between minor officials and their chiefs. These latter are nominated by Vichy, after reference to the German military administration in France.

¹ Replaced in his turn 26th May 1942.

GARDE-REPUBLICAINE

Apart from rare exceptions, the *Gardes* are flatly opposed to collaboration: I would even go so far as to say that they are de Gaullists. They distrust the police with whom they have to co-operate daily.

For the most part the officers are pro-Vichy. Many of them would be de Gaullists if it were not for fear of losing their jobs and pensions. Always the same story!

GENDARMERIE

The *gendarmerie* is rather divided. Some detachments are pro-Vichy and others are for de Gaulle. When detachments are de Gaullist they are usually thoroughly so, and at times maintain close touch with groups pledged to resistance.

The officers share the outlook of those in the *Garde-Républicaine*, and for the same reasons.

FIRE SERVICE

As in the *Garde-Républicaine*, with few exceptions the men are de Gaullist, actively so. The firemen charged with the duty of replacing broken glass in the street alarms, or of testing the alarms, do not remove de Gaullist slogans which may be affixed. Indeed, if such *papillons* are lacking they stick some on.

On the 14th July last, display of the national colours was forbidden. Despite this, however, persons unknown fixed flags on the roof of certain buildings. The police were instructed to call out the firemen to remove these offending symbols of patriotism. In many cases the firemen refused to comply with police requests. Under constraint, they performed the task after considerable delay, and then, with the trophy high on the end of their escape ladder, made a triumphal tour of the district through cheering crowds.

In the Fire Service, as in the *Garde-Républicaine*, after having been de Gaullist the officers are now pro-Vichy, in order to keep their jobs.

Apart from the police, who retain a loaded revolver apiece, all these services have been disarmed by the Germans.

II

ANTI-BOLSHEVIK LEGION

THE Anti-Bolshevik Legion, deemed a private enterprise, has been allowed by Vichy to recruit from military personnel discharged after the Armistice. Legionnaires retain their civil rights and employers are under an obligation to take back, at the end of hostilities with Russia, any volunteers who, at the time of enlistment, were employed by them.

Vichy whittles down the rights of ex-servicemen but gives privileges to Légionnaires, though it is true that Germany is to look after them if they become entitled to pensions.

What pay do Légionnaires receive?

I understand it to be 2,400 francs a month for a ranker. To that must be added certain allowances of which I have no information.

After Colette's shots at Déat and Laval, in the courtyard of the Borgnis-Desbordes barracks at Versailles, a member of the *Rassemblement National Populaire* hurried to close the main gates. One of his comrades asked the reason for his action. Pointing to the 1,300 volunteers of the Anti-Bolshevik Legion mustered in the courtyard, the first said: "If the gates were not shut, three-quarters of them would do a bunk."

Confidence reigns!

For the whole of France, the total number of volunteers is 4,000. I have this figure on very good authority.

III

POLITICAL PARTIES

I HAVE no intention of raising controversies by speaking of the political parties. My aim is to inform readers objectively of what I believe to be the truth.

Political parties have been dissolved in France. Moreover, their activity has been reduced for the most part to the exertions of a few ardent spirits working without official guidance. Their activities are, of necessity, clandestine.

I have purposely mentioned only the five parties which, to my mind, represented French opinion in pre-war days in the Chamber of Deputies or the country. I have ignored the minor groups, or sub-groups, which had a more or less important representation in Parliament but will disappear from the political stage whatever the outcome of the present conflict.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY

The Communist Party remains active. It is the only disciplined force, and has never slackened its efforts. In the present circumstances it has adapted itself for underground activity, particularly by setting up "cells."

The communists have not forsaken their ideology, and they look to the triumph of Russia for realisation of the new world of their dreams. There can be no doubt that they inspire many of the acts of sabotage in factories and encourage resistance by every means. The Germans claim that communists are behind the attacks on Germans in Paris. The talks which I have had with various communists do not allow me to confirm or deny this.

The Communist Party is certainly the only one which produced but few "collaborators."

THE SOCIALIST PARTY

The Socialists, divided, and without leaders, may be considered as non-existent at present.

Léon Blum is in prison and Charles Spinasse is editing a collaborationist publication.

The Germans have placarded the walls of Paris with a double-crown poster on which the ministers of the third Republic are portrayed. By the use of differing colours, each minister is shown as a Jew, a freemason, or a sympathiser with them. Green is used to indicate freedom from any taint of Jewry, freemasonry or sympathy, in brief, to indicate the man of integrity. Paul Faure alone has earned a green tint. Paul Faure, it will be remembered, was always opposed to Léon Blum at party conferences.

THE RADICAL PARTY

Before the war the Radicals provided the General Staff, as it were, of French Government. A few militant members have remained active and opposed to collaboration, but without any contact with their leaders.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

The Democrats have not revealed themselves in any activity, but it is probable, certain even, that some are active and opposed to collaboration.

THE "ACTION FRANÇAISE" PARTY

In the occupied zone the newspaper, *L'Action Française*, carries on a pro-Pétain campaign. It is probable that some members receive instructions from the unoccupied zone. The *Action Française* is in favour at Vichy and Charles Maurras appears to exercise an evil influence on the Marshal.

In the occupied zone it is being realised more and more that the *Action Française* and the *Croix de Feu* caused the riots of 6th February 1934, with the object of overthrowing the Republic. Having failed in this, they aided Hitler, just as the monarchists aided the Prussians during the French Revolution.

In the occupied zone Maurras has lost the support of many of the faithful.

IV

EX-SERVICEMEN'S ORGANISATIONS

WHAT has become of the ex-servicemen's organisations? In the unoccupied zone they have followed Pétain, even in his mistakes. They have formed the Legion, a national organisation for spying on behalf of the collaborationist Government. After having taken the solemn oath of Verdun, "Ils ne passeront pas!", they now swear an oath to the Marshal, just as to-morrow they will swear another oath to anyone who will promise to continue their pensions and allow them to wear their medal ribbons.

In these days oaths are sworn easily, it has become a custom in France. Furthermore, if one swears an oath it is always with the intention of retracting it later. Loyalty is sworn, not given.

The Vichy news-reels show ex-servicemen, in their tens of thousands, cheering Marshal Pétain during a propaganda tour of towns in the unoccupied zone. Yesterday, in the same towns, they cheered M. Albert Lebrun and every successive Minister of Pensions. To-morrow, they will cheer someone else as frantically. These spectacular demonstrations have no real importance, they impress only the easily moved and hysterical.

In the occupied zone, the Germans have dissolved all the ex-servicemen's associations except the *Union Fédérale*, President, Henri Pichot; the *Union Nationale des Mutilés et Combattants*, of which Georges Rivollet, a notorious "collaborator," is secretary; and the *Union Nationale des Combattants*, which has as President the "collaborator" Jean Goy, an ex-deputy who, before the war, was a member of the *Comité Franco-Allemagne*, founded by none other than M. Fernand de Brinon, Ambassador of Vichy . . . in Paris.

It's a small world!

The *Comité d'Entente*, made up of the five associations of seriously wounded ex-soldiers, which before the war helped and maintained members, has also been authorised to continue its charitable work. The associations concerned are: *Les Gueules Cassées*, *Les Mutilés des Yeux*, *Les Amputés*, *Les Blessés Multiples*, and *Les Trepanés et Blessés de la Tête*.

The badge of this last association, recognised by a Ministerial memorandum, consisted of a six-pointed red star with a representation of an injured head, in silver on a gold ground, as centre. By order of the Germans this badge had to be abandoned in favour of another, the pretext being that its six-pointed star looked like the Jewish emblem.

The Germans interfere in everything.

One would be curious to learn what M. Fernand de Brinon thought of this, married as he is to a Jewess.

Since the German occupation the Vichy Government has changed pensions legislation considerably. First, the injured of the 1939-40 war are covered by a more restrictive statute than those of the last war. The 1914-18 disabled men cannot apply for an increase of pension without the request also opening the question of a reduction. They are not allowed to call their own doctors to give evidence before tribunals dealing with assessments or discharges.

This is the rule of despotism.

The sick and wounded no longer enjoy the same privileges as before. The pensions of those with tuberculosis of war origin have been revised, and the presumption of origin has been suppressed. The *Légion d'honneur* is no longer accorded to those suffering from a 100 per cent disability. Widows who re-marry lose their pension.

The red and blue ribbon of the *Croix de Guerre*, 1939-40, has been replaced by a green and black ribbon. Mentions for awards have been revised, and in this way Vichy has been able to withdraw the *Croix de Guerre* from heroes who are Jews or are opposed to collaboration.

The *Légion des Combattants* is not allowed in the occupied zone. The *Association Nationale de la Presse Combattante*, which included men of real ability and was in touch with two and a half million readers, has been dissolved. The *Journal des Mutilés and Combattants*, still edited by M. Linville, has been permitted to resume publication. It is collaborationist, naturally.

A few weeks before the fall of France, the *Journal des Mutilés et Combattants* published a front-page picture representing German hordes, marching by companies down the Champs Elysées. The caption read: "What Hitler would like to see, and what he will never see."

But since then . . .

No man is a prophet in his own country, according to one French proverb. The very thing which the *Journal des Mutilés et Combattants* found abominable before defeat, it now finds quite natural. Among constant writers for this paper are M. Jean Goy, previously mentioned, and M. Georges Rivollet, several times Minister of Pensions, one-time secretary-general of the *Confédération Nationale des Anciens Combattants et Victimes de la Guerre*, an organisation which had a membership on paper of several millions. M. Georges Rivollet is also a contributor to *L'Oeuvre*, which is directed by Marcel Déat, who escaped Colette's bullets.

How many vows of loyalty did these men not take, both before and during the war, to the ex-servicemen of Britain and America?

Fortunately, there still exist in France, occupied and unoccupied, ex-servicemen who have not made any surrender. These sure friends will remember, when the moment comes, that twenty-five years ago they fought for freedom.

THE students are for General de Gaulle, and in the secondary schools it would be difficult to find one pupil per class not in favour of resistance. The Cross of Lorraine is carved on desks, and walls carry patriotic inscriptions. The Germans have been forced to act severely, and in some schools, at the Buffon and Henri IV for example, German officers made investigations and threatened the vice-principals. Teachers have to be guarded in all they say in the classrooms. The slightest allusion causes noisy demonstrations for which the vice-principal has to account to his superiors. Disciplinary action taken against teachers has to be reported to the occupation authorities.

In the universities the same state of affairs prevails. The story of the student demonstration at the Arc de Triomphe on 11th November 1940 is already known in England. The rallying symbol was a black tie. Every student wearing a black tie who could not justify it by a recent family loss was imprisoned by the Paris police. I know several who spent some weeks in the Santé prison as a result. Students in possession of a weapon were shot. There were eleven from the École Militaire. A scout knife was considered to be a weapon.

On many occasions the students have publicly demonstrated their sentiments. Here are two examples.

Along the Boulevard St. Michel a traditional single-file student procession was preceded by two students, each carrying a fishing-rod. After each chorus of their song the students cried "*Vive! Vive!*" and following each *vive* the two rods, *deux gaulles*, were raised on high.

One day some students entered the Café d'Harcourt, affecting a stiff German manner. They were wearing belts to which they had attached cycle-pumps, in lieu of bayonets. Giving the Nazi salute, and crying "Heil

Hitler," they hung their belts and pumps on the coat-pegs, imitating the German practice of hanging up bayonet belts. They then ordered beer, and, very much at their ease, began to ridicule and "rib" the German officers present. A free fight was soon in progress, during which two German officers were pitched through a first-floor window, landing in the street below after striking an awning.

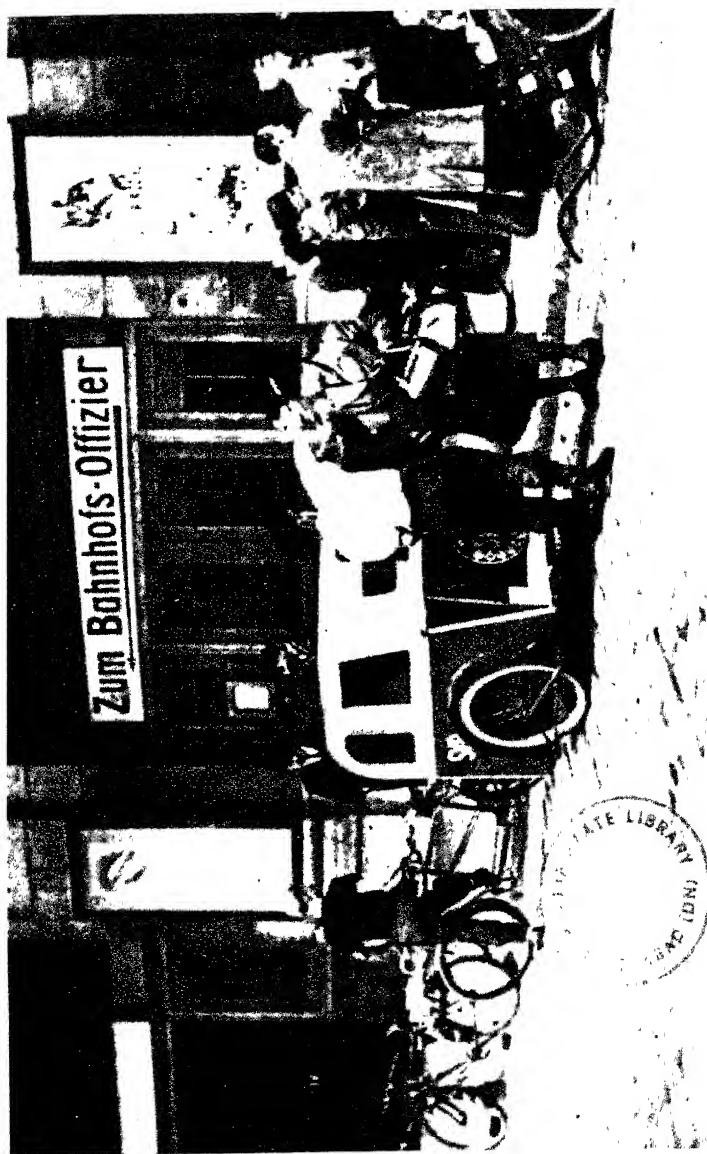
A German fetched reinforcements from the near-by Lycée St. Louis, occupied by the Nazis, and with the help of French police, students who had not managed to escape were imprisoned. The Café d'Harcourt has since been closed and its *brasserie* is now a German bookshop.

In the elementary schools, the pupils are made to take part in collaborationist ceremonies. Some school-books have been replaced by others extolling collaboration. Religious instruction is now compulsory in all schools.

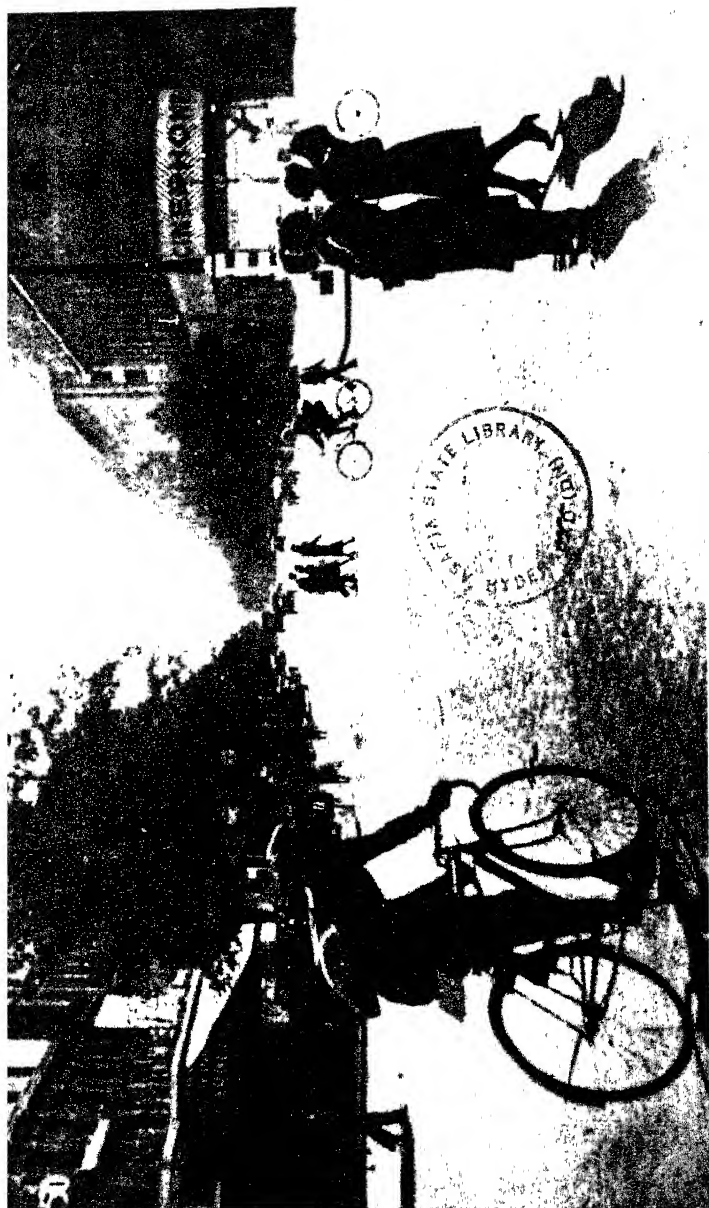
Hitler seeks to Nazify France by every possible means. To mollify students and scholars, the German authorities took the initiative in organising "holiday trains" in August 1941 on condition that demonstrations ceased. Only students and scholars who could produce a certificate from the Mayor of their district, attesting that their parents lived in the unoccupied zone, were allowed to use these trains. There was a train for each main line. The students left for a month under the superintendence of their professors.

VI

A PARISIAN, born in Montmartre, I did not leave the capital, even during the exodus which preceded the German entry. I know the spirit of Paris, its banter, its reactions, its enthusiasm for generous, liberal ideas.



THE GARE D'ORSAY



LES GRANDS BOULEVARDS

Having no Jewish ancestry, I can talk of the Jews with complete independence.

Despite the anti-Semitic Press campaigns of Drumont, Jacques Dhur, Léon Daudet, and other satellites of less importance, Paris has not evinced any real animosity towards the Jews. The outburst against them has only commended them to the sympathy of Parisians. The first number of *Valmy*, whose contributors were almost all practising Catholics, contained a paragraph entitled "Tolérance." This contrasted the Christian gospel with Hitler's intolerable persecutions.

To show the sentiments which animated us, I cannot do better than reproduce this.

TOLERANCE

The Archbishop of Bordeaux once handed his secretary fifty francs to give to a poor woman who had implored pity.

"How old is she?" asked the prelate.

"Seventy."

"Is she truly in want?"

"She says so."

"Then she must be believed."

The secretary hesitated for a moment, then added quickly:

"Your Grace does not know, perhaps, that she is a Jewess. . . ."

"A Jewess! Dear me! That's rather different; give her a hundred francs and thank her for her faith in Christian charity."

* * * * *

The Jews and the communists suffer most from German repression. There is no need for them to have committed any wrongful act. Merely to be a Jew or communist is sufficient cause for incurring Nazi hate.

Even the dead are not left in peace.

The Sarah-Bernhardt Theatre, under the management of Charles Dullin, has taken the name Théâtre de la Cité. Street names having any Jewish connection have been changed. Jews must declare their civic status at the main police-stations, and they have to submit to vexatious administrative formalities. They may not possess a wireless set, these have to be surrendered to the police.

A decree of the German authorities, dated 20th May, 1941, forbids Jews to engage in the following occupations: wholesale or retail trade, the catering or hotel industry, insurance, shipping, warehousing or forwarding, travel agencies or organisations, transport enterprises of any kind, including car or other vehicle hire, private detective agencies, hire of slot machines, publicity agencies, matrimonial or employment agencies. By the same ordinance Jews may not act as guides, as agents for land, property, or mortgages, as intermediaries for industrial or trading loans, as business agents, as brokers, as commercial representatives or travellers . . . and so on. They have been hounded also from the Carreau du Temple, a traditional street market for second-hand clothes and shoes in which they predominated.

Jews may no longer maintain public contacts, sign on behalf of a firm, or have an interest in a commercial undertaking. Dismissed Jews must be replaced by Aryans. No damages or compensation may be claimed by those affected by these measures. An order by the Chief of the Military Administration, dated 18th October 1940, made it compulsory for Jews to display prominently on their business premises a notice indicating "a Jewish business." The result was that Parisians bought at Jewish shops by preference. Aryan control has now been substituted.

In Paris some Jewish shops have been closed. Certain of them are now used as recruiting offices for the Anti-Bolshevik Legion, others have been pillaged and their fronts are now used for the display of Nazi propaganda posters.

A fine of 1,000,000,000 francs was imposed on Jews in the occupied zone. In addition, following a decree of 14th October 1941, large numbers of Jews have been deported to work in the East.

The Jews are losing their nationality, their wealth is being liquidated, and their properties, when put up for sale, are being bought by M. Laval. . . . An exception has been made in favour of Jewish doctors and lawyers who are ex-servicemen or war wounded. In actual fact this

exception exists on paper only and they share the common lot of all Jews.

The German effort, through the Press, radio, and cinema, to rouse the French against the Jews, is in vain. The Nazi film *Le Juif Suss*, not to be confused with the well-known novel of the same name, had no success.

Synagogues in the Paris region were damaged by dynamite explosions at 4 a.m., an hour when the French are not permitted to be out. For these outrages Parisians blamed followers of Doriot. In Marseilles, where the same thing happened, the first person to arrive on the scene was the canon of a neighbouring parish, and the Bishop of Marseilles, in a letter to the Grand Rabbi, expressed his indignation at such acts of vandalism, voicing also categorical disapproval.

At Marseilles, searches were made, between 6 a.m. and 8 a.m., at all hotels. Foreign Jews, rich or poor, whether their papers were in order or not, were led off. Some were sent to Morocco to work on the Trans-Sahara railway, others were sent to work in industrial centres at a daily wage of fifteen francs.

Passers-by were arrested in the streets and, after a demand for their papers, were asked: "What religion are you? Jewish?" If so, they were taken immediately to the Prefecture and from there to concentration camps.

At the time of the round-ups, women and children were not spared. A witness told me that he had seen women standing, for several days, without food and unable to communicate with anyone.

In the 4th and 11th *arrondissements* of Paris, Jews were crammed pell-mell into lorries. Among them were sick and infirm. The bed-ridden were thrown on with their mattresses.

These mass arrests revolted both the people of Paris and the police who had to make them under Gestapo supervision. Some of the police talked of resigning rather than continue such work.

On 26th December 1941 Jews of the 12th *arrondissement* were taken to the courtyard of the Town Hall and,

in bitter weather, had to stand without moving, like children being punished. At the slightest movement they were struck with rifle-butts by the German soldiers.

Jews arrested like this are taken to a concentration camp at Drancy (Seine) and are kept under guard by the municipal police. They are completely destitute, even sleeping on the ground, and they have no food except vile soup once a day. At the time of my departure from Paris there was an average of thirteen to fourteen deaths daily. Parisians protested to such a degree that the occupation authorities were forced to intervene, because, alas, a Frenchman was in charge of the Drancy camp.

At the Santé prison, Jews condemned to death are forced to spend the night preceding execution sitting by their coffins.

On the radio, Dr. Friedrich asserts that the German people are not a nation of barbarians.

For once he is right.

They are a nation of sadists.

VII

THE RADIO

WIRELESS is the only means the French have for getting information. They listen to every station in the world, and to every language. Thus it is that news spreads in France like wildfire.

I have noticed one curious thing which takes our twentieth century back to the Middle Ages, when the Press did not exist and the town crier spread the news. Start a rumour in the city and return two hours later. The rumour will come back to you, slightly modified, but little distorted.

Amazing!

What is less astonishing is the flood of false news which,

when bad, gets very much on one's nerves. The Germans, whose sadistic methods have no limit, excel in this art. Their propaganda neglects nothing.

A false rumour circulates. Quickly one hastens to listen-in for confirmation. One listens to London, Boston, and Moscow, asking information from others knowing a foreign language who may listen to different stations. One listens with mistrust to the Vichy, Lyons, Montpelier, and Toulouse wireless stations, and also to Radio-Boche, that is to say, Radio-Paris.

When the hateful and disagreeable voice of the Radio-Paris announcer concludes, everyone says, "What a lousy swine!" After Dr. Friedrich there is an absolute riot of mirth.

Not long ago, Dr. Friedrich was venomous and smart. He is still venomous, but he has fallen off rather, like the victories of Germany. He provides much amusement by speaking of the insulting letters he receives. He never talks of letters of congratulation. And for good cause! It would be a safe bet that, having read this chapter, he will talk of them henceforward. This will give the French good cause for more laughter.

Finally, one listens to the French radio. Yes, the French radio, the broadcasts from London. They are certainly badly jammed. The wave-length has to be changed several times during a single broadcast, but one hears them. How? With closed eyes, neck stretched, and an ear pressed close to the set. A distant voice can be heard clearly through the jamming.

When the broadcast is over, the same question is always put to whoever has listened.

"Well, what did they say?"

The other repeats from memory all that he has heard. Those who have come to hear the news discuss it, and the next day it is the subject of their conversation.

I know of a business house where, at 3 p.m. German time, the staff stops work to listen to the London broadcast in the director's office.

Listeners are fond of French military music, to which

they compare German military music unfavourably, considering it an awful din.

I have seen what was not seen for a long time before the war—French men and women standing upright to listen to the strains of the *Marseillaise*.

Liberté, liberté chérie. . .

VIII

POSTERS

EVERY week some new poster appears on the walls of the capital. The Germans are not short of paper for propaganda.

The first poster to appear was a little masterpiece of its kind. It portrayed a German soldier giving food to children. Thousands of copies were distributed throughout France, and we had to admit that Nazi propaganda was skilful. We thought that the Germans had become psychologists after a twenty-year interval. The posters which followed were as stupid as the first was clever. They were as idiotic as they were gross. By the violence of their propaganda the Germans achieved a result quite opposite to their object.

This poster propaganda, like that of the radio, is directed primarily against Great Britain.

One poster depicted a fat, bloated Mr. Churchill, with an enormous cigar in his mouth, letting the women and children of France die of hunger. Another recalled, with Joan of Arc and Napoleon, French wars with England. Yet another, in the form of an octopus, showed Britain extending tentacles over the world. A generous Germany lessened this hold by cutting these bloody tentacles, one by one.

One poster represented the map of Europe, according to Hitler, which is to say, all the occupied countries formed

a single unit. From each country black arrows pointed, converging on Soviet Russia. At the end of each arrow a circle in national colours indicated the place that the international legions are supposed to occupy. The circles representing Finland and Czechoslovakia carried a swastika in the centre.

A French house, being swept clean of corruption by an enormous broom, was the subject of another poster. One more, of very poor workmanship, showed Great Britain under a flight of large, human-headed geese, each bearing in its beak a sheet of paper on which was printed a so-called British lie. The heading for this, in enormous letters, was: "Where do tall stories come from?"

A further poster deserves mention, if only for its size—more than seven feet high and twelve feet wide. This was much superior to the previous poster and symbolised France by a wounded woman, across whom a tricolour flag was stretched like a shroud, its folds fading into the edge of the poster. An enormous vulture flew above, ready to batten on the body.

The poster was impressive, but it disgusted the French. On several I saw swastikas scrawled on the vulture's neck. Some anonymous hand had given the poster its true significance. Other printed posters also sickened the French of Nazi propaganda.

There were posters inviting Frenchmen to work in Germany and posters encouraging informers. Large rewards are offered. After the killing of a German officer at Nantes, Von Stuepnagel offered 15,000,000 francs for informers, without success.

In Alsace, the Germans published a double-crown poster in colour, showing a huge broom sweeping everything French from this province. All mixed up together were the Eiffel Tower, a bugle, a soldier's cap, a basque béret, a bust of Marianne, the code of laws, and a French flag. I sent a photo of this to London.

The nazified Vichy Government, adopting the same propaganda methods, covers France with immense bills. The latest is a godsend. On a tricolour ground there is

Marshal Pétain, with a firm, gentle face, sitting at his work-table. The poster is divided, one half having the legend, "What Pétain has said," and the other, "What Pétain has done."

The object of this poster is to prove to the French that the leader of the Government keeps his promises. I have read it. The sonorous phrases are full of wind. The pinchbeck king of Vichy is stupidly selling his country.

These multi-coloured posters, which must not be defaced under threat of heavy penalties, are without effect. Beside them the French read with emotion the black-edged red and yellow notices which give the ever-growing list of hostages. These cancel the others.

IX

PUBLIC HEALTH

THE Public Health welfare centres, previously concerned with care of tuberculosis patients, are now charged with the treatment of syphilis in women from licensed brothels.

That tuberculosis is increasing at a disturbing rate in France is not surprising. Under-nourishment, the lack of necessary medicines and tonics, and the ban on sending serious cases for sanatorium treatment, are bound to take effect.

Has not the Nazi Press in Paris affirmed that tuberculosis is not at all contagious? Undoubtedly, this is the latest medical discovery of Dr. Hitler. This monstrous lie has no other purpose than to make sufferers and those in their circle believe that tuberculosis cannot be passed on by contagion or heredity. In this way the sufferer and his family are encouraged to neglect precautions so that infection will be spread more surely.

If tuberculosis is a malady of the rich, it is the

inheritance of the poor. Statistics have demonstrated that tuberculosis finds a better breeding-ground in poor districts, deprived of light and air, than in wealthier quarters, which enjoy plenty of open space, and sunny, airy dwellings.

Among Hitler's intentions is that of ruining the physical well-being of the French, so that the race will deteriorate. Did the Fuehrer not declare to Rauschnig: "There is more than one method of systematically eliminating undesirable nations, in a relatively painless manner, without too much bloodshed. We have the duty of depopulating, just as we have the duty of deliberately cultivating an increase in the German population. It is necessary to create a technique of depopulation. You may ask what I mean by depopulation, and whether I intend to destroy whole nations. Well, yes, it is almost that. Nature is cruel, and it is our duty to be cruel also."

Is this clear enough?

His crony, Mussolini, is of the same opinion. Did he not cry in an impassioned speech some years before the war that it would suffice to wait till France was conquered, even without war, thanks to the depopulation of her country?

Why Hitler keeps more than a million French prisoners in captivity, useful also for pressure on the Vichy government, can be understood.

Why the grant of 10,000 francs to the 1914-18 war sufferers from tuberculosis, which allowed them to take care of themselves, has been withdrawn, can be understood.

Why Dr. Serge Huard, Minister of Public Health, has stopped medical advice at the anti-tuberculosis dispensaries, on orders from Berlin, can be understood.

Why Dr. Huard has made the Public Health Centres, the only free medical service in France, part of the general Public Assistance administration, thus increasing still more the demands on it for medical advice, can also be understood.

The Vichy government is not only a government of capitulators, it is a government of criminals.

X

FOOD, CLOTHES, QUEUES, BLACK MARKET

WHAT are living conditions like in France now?

My purpose here is not to detail the food rations allowed to the French. These vary according to age, to profession, to fresh restrictions and to the time of year.

First, it will be as well to describe the food card. This is of thin card, folded in two, bearing the holder's name and civil status on the cover. It is made valid by being signed and stamped. The last page of the cover contains instructions and a description of breaches of the law relating to the card. It is valid for one year.

Inside the card is fixed a sheet divided into squares, each square bearing several letters of the alphabet. The square DA gives the right to X grammes or kilos of potatoes, according to current official announcements. Thanks to these letters, every article of food may be subjected to restrictions from one day to the next.

Thus, for example, the sale of tomatoes, which had become scarce, remained uncontrolled. They could be obtained if one enjoyed the goodwill of a greengrocer, but towards the end of December it was suddenly decided that one of the letters on the food-card should give each person the right to a half-kilo of tomatoes. Whenever a supply came to hand, the fact was announced as usual by the Press, radio, and public notices.

From then on, it became impossible to obtain tomatoes except by registering with a shop. The sale was controlled. Not an ounce above the ration could be secured without recourse to the black market, of which there is more later.

The same thing has happened with oranges, and, over a longer period, with macaroni and similar *pâtes*, coffee, rice, dried pulses, jam, honey, chocolate, etc.

Each month, in the town halls and schools, ration

sheets for bread, meat, fats, and other foods are distributed. The bread-sheet is divided into small squares by dotted lines. Each square represents 50, 100, 200, or 250 grammes of bread. Letters have a value of 500 grammes.

The colours for each fortnight vary, and rations may not be taken in advance. Every person has a right to 275 grammes (9 oz.) of bread a day, and heavy workers and some war-wounded get 350 grammes (12 oz.). Such workers must produce a certificate from their employers each month in order to keep the supplementary allowance of 75 grammes. This category decreases at each renewal of applications. Nevertheless, workers in a factory engaged on work for the Germans receive a variable extra ration which is distributed by their employer.

Certain classes of workers may exchange bread tickets for various forms of flour, but for 75 grammes of these bread tickets for 400 grammes must be surrendered.

A daily allowance for Britons of 275 grammes of bread, 9 ounces, is ample. For the French, who usually eat a great deal of bread, it is very little. In times of peace a Frenchman needed, on an average, a pound a day. Bread is to my countrymen what rice is to the Chinese, or haricot beans to the Brazilians.

The ingredients which now go to the making of bread are difficult to determine. Many Parisians attribute their digestive troubles to the bread. However, there is so much ersatz food about that it is impossible to say for certain whether this is the cause.

The bread has a good golden crust, though it is rather dark. Inside the loaves the bread is heavy and of a dirty grey hue. Fancy bread may still be had. It is made from the same dough as household bread and keeps its long shape. There is a preference for this rather than for the household loaf because of its greater crustiness. This fancy bread has the distinction that 700 grammes count as a kilo ration.

Meat, cooked foods, tripe, cheese, butter, and edible oil are all available on the same ration-sheet, tickets for each

being distinguished by letters. The weekly meat ration, which includes horse-flesh, is 90 grammes ($3\frac{1}{4}$ oz.) without bone, or 180 grammes ($6\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) with bone. Lettered tickets which form part of the food card provide for an increase of the ration, but this has never yet materialised.

Shopkeepers must put up notices announcing the hours they open. Butchers open when they have meat. If they are short, or if one fails for any reason to go to the shop on the day indicated by a notice over the door, one's turn is missed. There is no alternative but to wait till the following week. The butcher provides the best he can, but this does not always include the better meat. The Germans are at the slaughter-house before him.

On one occasion, and not the only one, I saw a butcher who had received only 20 pounds of meat to meet the needs of a large working-class custom for a week. It can be said that the ration of 90 grammes of meat, without bone, is a delusion. Once, for my ration, the butcher had only bones to offer. We made soup of them. A butcher told me that one day, at La Villette, the Germans took 4,500 cattle of the 5,000 which arrived.

Rendered fat is sold for eating purposes and the butter and oil ration is fixed at 125 grammes ($4\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) a month. Cheese, of very poor quality, is rationed at 50 grammes ($1\frac{3}{4}$ oz.) a week. The sugar ration is 500 grammes (17 oz.) a month, or two lumps a day. Saccharine cannot be obtained. The ration of macaroni and similar *pâtes*, and of rice, is 200 grammes (7 oz.) a month.

Dried pulses, jam, and honey are available from time to time after an official decision and the issue of notices giving details of the corresponding ration letters and amounts allocated. The same method obtains following arrivals of tomatoes, oranges, dates, figs, and so on. When deliveries fail to materialise it is the fault of the British who, as everyone knows, have lost control of the seas.

The ration of potatoes varies. The coupons for these, in principle, entitle holders to 600 grammes ($1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) a week. The Germans have sent potatoes from Brittany to Paris in sacks marked "Imported from Germany."

Against this there was an announcement in the collaborationist papers of big arrivals of potatoes from Brittany which, in fact, came from Germany. These had rotted and housewives refused to take them.

In connection with this, people found another name for the Germans, terming them *Doryphores*.¹ Was Admiral Darlan referring to potatoes when he spoke of the "generous victors"?

The coffee ration is 60 grammes (2 oz.) a month, plus 250 grammes (9 oz.) of a substitute mixture. Parisians are very fond of their coffee. In order not to lose the taste for it, many content themselves during the week with the mixture of chick-peas and chicory and save the real coffee for a *café nature* on an occasional Sunday.

Children are entitled to a quarter-litre (almost half a pint) of milk a day. Adults can obtain a half-litre (almost a pint) of skimmed milk. There is not enough for everybody, and the queues are so long that many prefer to go without.

Tinned foods are sold in exchange for lettered tickets on occasions decided by the Government. There are not many tinned foods to be had because of the lack of metal for making tins. When a shopkeeper sells any he must open the tin so that the food cannot be stored.

The police, on many occasions, have had to take names and addresses and disperse queues formed at 5 a.m. for supplies not to be released till three hours later. Once or twice a week there is a supply of fish, but here again, despite ration cards, there is not enough for everybody. The queues are so long that many do without.

The food problem is such that one must give up work in order to queue and eat, or work and not eat. Food is the main topic of conversation. Between friends "arrangements" are made.

Eggs are not to be found. The Germans buy them up from the farms at 5 francs each. When I left carrots were unobtainable, but turnips were plentiful. Each person was entitled to one litre ($1\frac{3}{4}$ pints) of wine a week. It was

¹ The name of an insect which attacks the potato plant.

still possible to obtain wines of first quality, but only at inflated prices. The wines of the "*appellations contrôlées*," good table wines from famous districts but inferior to the best, have been increased in price by 10 francs a bottle. In addition, you have to provide your own bottle.

On the radio the Germans claim that the wine harvest is smaller because of the shortage of labour and copper sulphate. They also blame the British blockade for preventing Algerian wines from entering France.

Children up to eighteen, and old people, are entitled to 120 grammes (4 oz.) of chocolate a month. Mustard and pepper are "ersatz." The manufacture of cakes, even from buckwheat flour, is forbidden. In the poorer districts queues form to purchase "*crêpes bretonnes*," or Breton pancakes, which have nothing Breton about them except the name. They cost 1 fr. 60 c. each.

Soap is also controlled, and the allowance is one small tablet a week. The amount of fats used in its making must not exceed 30 per cent. With a tobacco card, two packets of cigarettes may be had every ten days, or 40 grammes (1½ oz.) of tobacco. Matches are unobtainable. The French are short of tobacco, but during last summer the *verdures*¹ requisitioned seven tons at Toulouse and sent it to Germany. Toulouse is supposedly in the free zone.

Most of these rations have decreased since I left.

The question of heating is no less important. Gas and electricity are largely rationed. The companies are less and less willing to authorise their use for heating purposes. They may not be used if some other form of heating is available. Modern buildings with central heating may not be heated for more than three months in the year, and only one radiator per apartment is permitted.

Nothing is wasted. The household rubbish has to be burned in stoves.

CLOTHES

The clothing card contains thirty points for a year. Two points are needed for a tie, or for a pair of stockings

¹ See page 92.

or socks. Stockings cost 125 francs a pair, a price which only the German Women's Corps can afford. An overcoat takes 45 points, that is, coupons for eighteen months, and is sold on condition that no other purchase is made. Thread and cotton for mending clothes may be obtained only against surrender of a coupon and are not easily found. There are no longer any needles or pins.

Footwear is sold only after a voucher has been secured from the local town hall, a proceeding which entails a long inquiry and a delay between of four and six months. Women are wearing shoes with thick wooden soles, the uppers of which are made of raffia, or strips of interwoven material, and show the toes. The price of these shoes is not controlled and varies between 350 and 600 francs. Boots and shoes are made to last as long as possible. Men's shoe repairs cost 50 francs, and leather soles are replaced with rubber. To get old shoes repaired is becoming more and more difficult.

* * * * *

Newspapers cost a franc. It is hardly necessary to say that few are bought. As for taxes, they increase constantly.

QUEUES

An entire book would be needed for a really complete account of living conditions in France. In any case, I have been unable to give more than an incomplete outline because prices are changing all the time. Nevertheless, something would be sadly lacking if I did not say anything about the queueing which has to be done for everything, particularly for vegetables, meat, fish, chocolate, and milk.

The queues have their own experts. One queues for cooked food, another for fish. By queueing one may do a good turn for relatives or friends. For some workless and old people it has become a paying proposition.

Holders of the special cards issued to the disabled and to large families have priority in the queues, a privilege which causes many disputes. It has been admitted that these priority cards are held by one person in three.

Not long ago, queueing began hours in advance. A police regulation has since been issued forbidding the formation of queues more than half an hour before shops open. Those who have to queue have found a way round this regulation. They walk up and down outside the shop. The *concierges* of some buildings near to shops make a charge for the use of corridors so that those whose legs do not permit them to run fast enough still have a chance to be first in the queue when it is at last formed.

One waits one's turn patiently, either standing or on a folding stool, under the vigilant eye of a policeman or municipal guard. Acquaintances are made, one learns news of the district, the days for distribution of this or that foodstuff, and which numbered cards are available on such and such a day at the butcher's or tobacconist's.

The queue is an outdoor public meeting, no matter what the weather. There is talk of events, of the men in power, and of "collaborators." I am convinced that the queues have already formed their verdict on the Riom trials.

The Germans have noted the excellent scope for propaganda which the queues offer. They have sent women Gestapo agents to them. These praise Hitler and Pétain. They talk loudly, having nothing to fear, and they denounce suspects.

The people are not duped; they keep quiet when one of these gossips is spotted, knowing very well that candid queuers have paid with their freedom for too sharp a retort.

THE BLACK MARKET¹

Here again, I shall content myself with quoting facts. The black market would easily fill several chapters.

What is sold on the black market? Almost all foodstuffs and controlled goods. If a necessary article becomes scarce enough for a ration card to be needed, it will appear in the black market. Immediately it is a question of

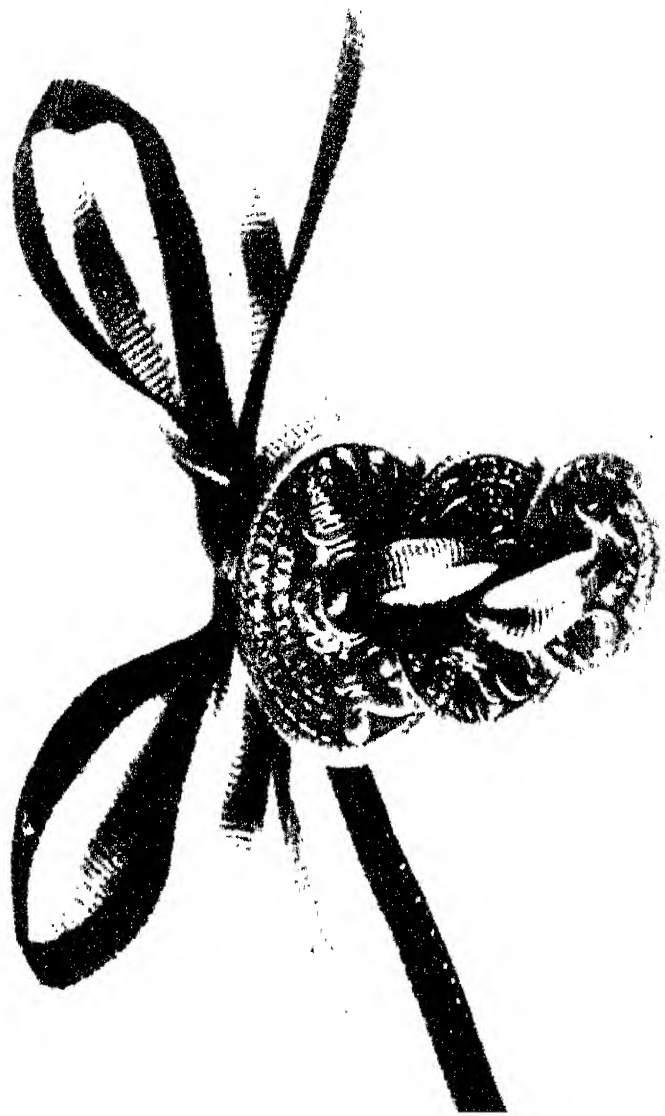
¹ The "black market" in France is rather different from that in England. In France, "black market" transactions may embarrass the enemy, here they aid him.

La Prefecture de Police informe que
la laceration et l'endommagement d'affiches
de l'Autorite occupante seront consideres
comme acte de sabotage et punis des peines
les plus severes.



C'est l'Anglais qui nous
AU SOUTIEN DE L'EMAND!

ANTI-BRITISH POSTER



SYMBOL OF RESISTANCE

foodstuffs, fabrics, shoes, or currency, the black market corners them.

How does the black market work?

To disclose this is not easy without giving away secrets. As the French say, it is by *filon*, or "being in the know." Poor quality horse-flesh may be had at 45 francs a pound; a 250-gramme (9 oz.) *Saucisson de Vire* costs 70 francs; a kilo (2 lb. 3 oz.) of sugar may be had for between 30 and 50 francs. A litre (1 $\frac{3}{4}$ pints) of edible oil sells at 130 to 150 francs, and leather shoes at 400 francs a pair. Fabrics may be obtained at 2,000 francs a metre (40 inches). Gold dollars can be purchased, price 400 francs. Two packets of tobacco may be exchanged for a little butter, and twenty cigarettes sell for between 30 and 40 francs. Everything else is at comparable prices.

I knew an old Parisian who, thanks to his friends and position, was able to obtain without too much trouble, and at relatively low prices, sugar, coffee, potatoes, wine, rice, dried pulses, carrots, eggs, jam, and enough wood for heating to last the winter.

If only it were known by what tortuous ways, and through what means, all this arrived at his house, there would be amazement at so Machiavellian an enterprise.

Because opportunity offers, one buys things not immediately needed, against days of scarcity. From this it can be seen that France would be self-supporting if she were not held to ransom by the invaders.

For two persons, just enough food to live on costs 2,000 francs a month. Obviously, those who have little money obtain barely enough to keep from starving.

Who made the black market possible and benefits by it? The Germans. They organise it and take the profits. Every time one goes to the source of supply, a German is found. The collaborationist newspapers may condemn the black market in their columns and announce from time to time that some individual, always a Jewish-masonic-bolshevik-de-Gaullist, has been arrested for trafficking in food. You can be certain that the prisoner hindered Germans making purchases.

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An inspector of police, detailed to curb the black market, said to me one day:

"I have been reprimanded by the German authorities. They have requested me to be less zealous, otherwise things may go hard with me."

No comments!

PART FIVE

I

THE ZONES

THE demarcation line is a diabolical invention of "Monsieur Hitler."

Let none be astonished to see the respectable word "Monsieur" coupled with the name Hitler. French lips give an ironical twist to the word when it designates the Chancellor of the Reich, as with *verdurets*, *doryphores*, *fridolins*, *punaïses vertes*, or, more simply, "*ces messieurs*."

Well, Monsieur Hitler has divided France, not into two, but into three zones, that is to say, the unoccupied or free zone, the occupied zone, and the prohibited zone.

The first, ostensibly, is under the independent government of the Marshal, the same Marshal who affirmed that by signing the armistice he retained for his country the freedom of part of French territory. It should be stated here that the French have never known the armistice conditions because they have never been published in France. The independence of Vichy, *vis-à-vis* Berlin, is known. Unoccupied France is nothing more than a colony, controlled by numerous armistice commissions, through whom blackmail is practised, to say nothing of continual pressure.

The second zone is that which the Germans intend to occupy for twenty-five years after the signing of a peace treaty.

The third zone includes the *départements du Nord* and *de l'Est*, which Germany expects to annex after the war, as she has already annexed Alsace and Lorraine.

To pass from one zone to another a permit is necessary. This is never granted for going from the occupied zone to the prohibited zone, or vice versa, unless for a strictly

commercial visit. Requests for permits must have a recommendation, either from a Chamber of Commerce or from a professional organisation.

German laws already apply in the prohibited zone. The Germans evict or deport inhabitants. In this zone, as elsewhere, food must now be short. For a long time it was possible to obtain mutton and butter at near-normal prices. The red line, as it was called, was much more difficult to cross than the demarcation line between occupied and unoccupied France. It could be managed, for all that, by subterfuge and endurance. I have told how H  l  ne l'Ardennaise crossed a river by swimming. A more easy way was by bribing German soldiers with money or a bottle of *mousseux*.

The Germans have an excessive liking for champagne. Some inferior sparkling wine, in an imposing bottle, together with a few 100-franc notes, is sufficient to weaken the "incorruptible" sentries. For the French, discovery of the venality of German warriors, regardless of rank, has been the cause of much surprise.

I knew of some pimps who, with the help of their "ladies," established an organisation which made it possible to enter the forbidden zone without risk. The cost of the journey by car from Paris to Valenciennes, a distance of some 125 miles, was at that time 2,000 francs per person. A regular service was maintained, three times a week in each direction.

The pavement queens must have been very generous to the Germans to facilitate the working of this transport service.

Last December the forbidden zone was thrown open, but there was such an inrush of French people that, overwhelmed, the Germans closed it again four days later. Shortly before my departure the forbidden zone was to have been reopened, but as I was rather troubled by the police I did not have leisure to inform myself fully.

* * * * *

The first time I crossed the demarcation line was in

October 1940, in the company of a Scot who reached Britain again. We crossed the line without papers and passed the night in a hen-roost. I hope he will read these lines and recognise himself from the details. I should be happy to shake his hand and take up again the conversation which was prolonged so far into the night.

In order to cross the demarcation line a special permit must be obtained from the Germans. This permit must be requested by a Chamber of Commerce on behalf of business men or industrialists, or by professional associations, according to the case. For personal affairs, it is obtainable through the Préfecture of Police or the German bureau in the Rue de Gallilée, and for all other reasons, serious illness and so on, from the Préfecture de la Seine.

Besides this, Government departments have weekly services which accept a limited amount of commercial mail. This is sent to Vichy and forwarded after examination by the occupation authorities. No other correspondence is permitted except "family cards," of the same format as ordinary postcards.

At the beginning of the occupation these cards were printed. Correspondents struck out messages which did not apply. At the foot of the card two lines were allowed for including some personal thought. Before the signature one could choose "kisses" or "affectionately." For more than a year now, through the "generosity" of the Fuehrer, there has been a new "family card" on the back of which may be written the contents of a letter, if one writes a small enough hand. The front is divided, allowing one space for the address to which the card is to be sent, and another for the sender's name and address. This is what Hitler called "easing the demarcation line."

As will be understood, these epistolary restrictions have encouraged the French to find a way round the regulations. A veritable industry has sprung up for passing correspondence from one zone to the other, "on the quiet." Volunteers are not lacking for this work. Some do it freely, others for a consideration. A letter costs 10 francs, plus the stamp. The "passers," as they are called, number

the letters and write the details of the addressees in a notebook against the corresponding number. The letters are then placed inside their shirts, in the lining of a cap or a cloak, or, more simply, in a portfolio as if they were personal correspondence.

Once over the line these "pirate" postmen address envelopes by reference to their notebooks and post the letters, either in the unoccupied, or the occupied zone, according to which they have entered. Railwaymen who acted as "passers" were threatened with the death penalty by the Germans. There are, unfortunately, "passers" who retain both money and letters. They appropriate the one and burn the others.

I know very well that the risks are big. When they are caught it means a heavy fine, prison, and the loss of their inter-zone permit. More unfortunate still, there are informers who, for 200 francs, denounce honest "passers" to the Germans.

The most unlikely dodges have been used to get correspondence from one zone to the other. The stronger the attempts to stop the traffic, the greater the ingenuity shown.

A motorist from the unoccupied zone hid letters in the tyres of his car. When denounced, crossing the line, he had to dismantle his car. Luckily, he was not carrying any correspondence that day.

Here is one unusual method, originated by a cesspool drainage contractor in a village of Central France, for passing on correspondence. He made a tight roll of the letters, sealed them in waxed paper, and plunged them, retained by a string, into the depths of his lorry. Once arrived at his destination, he rinsed the precious packet with a jet of water and posted the letters.

If the recipients of delicately scented letters had suspected where those missives from the loved one had been . . .!

The German bureaux in the Rue de Gallilée, for permits to pass the demarcation line, are open from 9 a.m. till 11 a.m., but it must be admitted that for all practical

purposes they are closed one day in two. The number of permits issued is fifty, twenty, or ten a day, depending on the goodwill of "*ces messieurs*." A person with a medical certificate who wishes to go to a dying mother will be refused a permit after many requests. Another, applying under pretext of having an inheritance to deal with, will obtain it straight off.

The first arrivals in the Rue de Gallilée have the best chance, so applicants for permits try to be among them. The queue starts to form at 5 a.m. How do these people, many coming from a good distance, manage to be at the Rue de Gallilée at so early an hour when travel before 5 a.m. is forbidden?

They sleep in neighbouring hotels or pay to stay in the corridors of a near-by building. For five francs they have the privilege of standing all night. A friend who wished for a permit to spend her holidays with her family left home at half-past three in the morning, carrying her shoes and wearing slippers to avoid making any noise in the street. She crossed Paris, dodging patrols and police who would not have failed to take her under arrest. I must admit that she was repaid for her trouble, for she obtained the longed-for permit at her first request.

Armed with a precious permit one may take the train without being obliged to make extravagant railway détours. At the demarcation line, German officers mount the train and search suitcases, handbags, and brief-cases. Suspects are stripped to ensure that they carry no letters or secrets. A delay of two hours is usual.

The small number of permits granted makes it necessary for the French to try and cross the demarcation line without authorisation. Here *Système D*¹ comes into full

¹ *Système D*: an expression used during 1914-18 meaning "se débrouiller." This is a creed of the French. The Germans loathe *Système D* because they always find out too late that they have been tricked. *Système D*, as employed by the French, obstructs the Germans and nullifies their actions where it does not actively oppose them. *Système D* has been condemned by the collaborationist papers, but has not yet been executed. It is a synthesis of "being in the know," "wangling," "managing," and "shifting for oneself."

play, the *Système D* for which the Germans upbraid my compatriots.

The secret of the French is: *se débrouiller*, wangle a way round. They prove it under all kinds of circumstances.

There is the classic method of the "passer" who undertakes to guide one from zone to zone during the night, through the woods and fields. The price at first was two hundred francs, then three hundred, then five hundred, finally reaching 1,000 francs. The crossing is made in peasant's or railwayman's clothes, or in a luggage box. Capture must be avoided, otherwise there is a fine, prison for an indeterminate period, and the confiscation of all money carried, except 100 francs.

Prison means confinement under the most rigorous conditions. The Germans do not feed prisoners. If no charitable person is forthcoming to bring food to the unlucky captives, they starve. Fortunately, there are still—Mr. Hitler excepted—some generous beings.

Is it necessary to state that prisons are full? In the Saône et Loire region, the German authorities hand out serial numbers. Delinquents are informed in rotation when cells become available for them to serve their sentences, and that's the solemn truth.

There are a thousand and one ways of getting across the demarcation line. I shall not reveal any secrets in telling of some which are not outworked.

A trader, let us call him a tailor, who had a business right on the demarcation line, received too many customers who were not seen to leave. After a few weeks the Germans became very intrigued by this. One fine day they visited the tailor and discovered that his shop, just like a frontier post, was in the occupied zone, but the adjoining dining-room was in unoccupied territory. Pseudo-customers had only to pass through a connecting door to get from one zone to the other. The tailor was imprisoned and his business was closed permanently.

The same ruse was possible for peasants with a holding on the boundary line and an adjoining garden. At nightfall

a visitor could pass through a gate at the end of the kitchen-garden.

When I made my first trip, I used similar means. To get away I had only to descend a stairway of thirteen steps without being seen by a sentry posted fifty yards away. The head of the stairway was in occupied territory, the foot in unoccupied. In such moments the heart beats more quickly than one would wish.

Methods are not always so commonplace, as this instance will show.

A young girl—oh! youth which never stops to think—dived into a river in the hope of reaching the unoccupied zone by swimming to the other bank. A sentry she had not seen fired at her and missed through carelessness. The girl hid among some reeds which were near at hand. The sentry fired again to scare her, but could not sight her. We watched the drama from the opposite bank. At the end of half an hour, quietness having returned, the drenched girl reached our bank. She told us that she had remained motionless in the reeds all the time, with only her head above water.

There are more amusing stories, such as that of the innocent fisherman. Wearing a straw hat like those worn by farmers, with his sleeves rolled up and sabots on his feet, he settled down on the river-bank, complete with folding-chair, fish-basket, fishing-rod, and bait, and began to tease the gudgeon. Passers-by stopped to watch him. A patrol passed and disappeared. The good man, on purpose, cast his line too far and it caught in the weeds. What was the good of fishing where weeds abounded? Grumbling to himself, he rolled up his trousers and waded deliberately into the river.

To the amazement of the onlookers, abandoning hat, sabots, rod, fish-basket, chair, and bait, he threw himself into the water and reached the opposite bank—in the unoccupied zone.

Not everybody takes the plunge. First, one must know how to swim, as certain faint-hearted Frenchmen have decided.

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At X an inhabitant died. He must have been greatly respected, judging by the crowd which followed his coffin. The men were in black and the women had their faces veiled. All carried handkerchiefs in their hands and wore a sorrowing air. The poor departed! How rich in relatives and friends!

The funeral procession crossed the demarcation line to reach the cemetery.

One day the Boches said to themselves: "This is queer. There's always a crowd at funerals, but half of them never come back."

Since a cortège was stopped at the demarcation line, there have been less people following funerals at X.

In one region which I will not name, in order to save "*ces messieurs*" any bother, a regular service has been arranged from one zone to the other. In an old charabanc, fifty persons cross between the zones for a payment of 300 francs each. Outriders on bicycles scout ahead. The departure is not secret, it is so open that I have always thought that a large share of the profits must go to the virtuous *fridolins* charged with executing orders.

A German patrol has never been seen on the road at the time the charabanc passes. If you travel alone, I warn you not to take the same road. You will land in prison.

Not only do people escape, but fortunes also, in jewelry, dollars, or paper money. At one time a veritable market was in being. Dealers went into the unoccupied zone to buy dollars at a reasonable price and resold them in the occupied zone at a very much higher rate. I have seen a notary take 800,000 francs across in a single trip.

The demarcation line sometimes presents some unexpected aspects to those who know it.

One evening I arrived at Vierzon (Cher) and could not get a room, even in an hotel where I was well known. I went to a friend who kept a restaurant and also knew of my extra-professional activities. I told him of my surprise. After much telephoning, he obtained a room for me for the night with an hotel-keeper of his acquaintance.

I went there and stumbled on a crowd of German officers in uniform.

The next day, all these officers were in mufti. I made inquiries of the manager and was told that the Kommandatur had requisitioned all the hotels in the town. Following this, I learned that "*ces messieurs*" had left for the unoccupied zone.

Another time, in June 1941, I went to a small town in Central France to see a friend with the idea of making some arrangements with him for possible escapes. Out of prudence, we never corresponded with each other. I noticed some unfamiliar faces in the streets.

Vérusset, of whom more will be told later, was overwhelmed with work.

"Give me a hand," he said.

I asked the reason for his activity.

"It's because of the decree of May 20th."

"The decree of May 20th? I don't understand."

"Fathead! Against the Jews. They all want to get across to-day."

We set to work, pasting photographs on false identity cards and adding the endorsement of the Kommandatur, with authentic signatures by our own fair hands.

Yet another time, in the earlier days of the occupation, the demarcation line was very animated. The cafés and restaurants were full of young, but not very communicative men. They appeared to be cheerful, but when I spoke to any of them their answers were evasive.

During the day I learned the reason for their unwillingness to talk. A few days before, the R.A.F. had been in the neighbourhood of Chartres, where there was a camp containing 40,000 prisoners of war. The alert having been sounded by the Germans, the sentries rushed for the shelters and the prisoners bolted for the open country.

Ten thousand were recaptured, but thirty thousand spread along the demarcation line and got across.

Mme Engot, who has already been mentioned, crossed the demarcation line frequently to lead escaped French prisoners into the unoccupied zone. She was helped by the

gendarmarie on many occasions and each time had to walk thirty kilometres.

I should like to mention here a man worthy of notice. Let me call him Marcel. I never knew his surname. Whenever possible, credit should be given to those with pluck.

Marcel is a Jew, a disabled ex-soldier of the 1914-18 war, who closed his shop and now lives on his small capital, spending it without regret in helping prisoners to escape. Marcel is taciturn, never replies directly to questions, and expresses himself in parables. Very often, on leaving him, I have asked myself what exactly he meant. He wrote at rare intervals to send me news of his cousin, the cousin being the affair in which we were interested.

Marcel could have left occupied France, but he preferred to remain and arrange escapes of his countrymen, some even from camps in Germany, taking prisoners to a port from whence they could get abroad.

How was it done? That is a secret. I can say, however, that each escape cost him 6,000 francs. We shall want to find Marcel again after the war.

I have often crossed the demarcation line at various places. My knowledge of the line was useful in assisting French prisoners to escape with the help of false papers. Once again, it is a pity that I cannot reveal the means we employed. If I can tell the full story one day, it will not lack piquancy and will certainly astonish the Germans.

Vérusset, whom I helped to produce the first false papers, and for whom I provided material, excelled at this art. The Germans never managed to distinguish the false papers from genuine. They no sooner changed their system than Vérusset imitated it to perfection.

The activity of my friend was discovered, however, by the Germans, but he gave them the slip. It happened like this. Vérusset, returning to his house one lunch-time, saw Germans forcing the door. "Ah-ah," said Vérusset to himself, "this isn't so good." He turned on his heels, and,

with a quiet mind, lunched at a restaurant. That night he left for another place in which to carry on his industry.

Hundreds of people crossed the line for a modest sum, thanks to Vêrusset. He made no charge for his services to escaped prisoners, even giving them money sometimes when they had run very short. For all that, he was not a rich man. Nobody was ever arrested.

Recrossing the line is managed by equally ingenious methods.

In October 1940, when I did not know the demarcation line very well, this is what I did to get back from Marseilles. Not a bad trick, perhaps. I went to see the mayor of a little village in the Rhône valley who I knew well. After having talked about what was going on, I asked him for a "*certificat de réfugié*."¹

"A refugee? How long have you been that?"

"Since this morning, Monsieur le Maire."

"Where are you from?"

"From Paris, by way of Marseilles."

The good man allowed himself to be convinced and I got my "*certificat*" forthwith. I had only left Paris fifteen days previously.

It is not always as easy as that.

* * * * *

Prisoners are not the only ones to escape, guards also do the same thing. At the beginning of the Russian campaign, the guards at a post on the River Cher, at Vierzon, dumped their arms and equipment and crossed into the unoccupied zone. At one time these deserters were a serious embarrassment to Vichy.

The German authorities, informed by Gestapo agents who abound in the demarcation line, know about the inter-zone traffic. They also take steps to stop it. Soldiers have been replaced by customs-officers with police-dogs. The animals die from poison. It is a pity that customs-officers are not as voracious.

¹ This was intended only for genuine refugees of the "exodus period" wishing to re-enter occupied France—Translator's Note.

The customs-officers, generally more strict, are able to hinder the inter-zone traffic, but it cannot be stopped.

II

OCCUPIED ZONE

THE occupied zone is a little better off for food supplies than the other zone because it includes the more productive *départements*. But here also, though with decreasing bitterness, town-dwellers are at odds with the peasants whose products are sent to the Germans, either willingly or under compulsion. The state of mind here is different in the sense that being already under German occupation, the French have little more to fear. Disregarding the fretful policy of Vichy, they would gladly see all France occupied.

The French who have to suffer the permanent presence of the enemy, and who may at any time be named as hostages, are in the majority for de Gaulle. They see in him the man who incarnates the spirit of resistance and gives them reason for hope.

Despite "jamming," and the penalties to which they expose themselves, the French listen religiously to the broadcast speeches of General de Gaulle.

There are also partisans of Pétain. These are not numerous and do not manifest a violent enthusiasm for the Marshal. They do not want to believe in the Marshal's treachery, thinking that his actions have no other end but to deceive the enemy. Many are convinced that Marshal Pétain is in agreement with General de Gaulle.

Even those in the occupied zone who openly espouse the Marshal's cause, do not disapprove of the resistance led by General de Gaulle, but wish for his success.

Here is a story which sent a laugh round Paris and shows what popularity Pétain enjoys in the capital. It

happened at the time when the Marshal's picture was being sold everywhere. A customer who was pressed for time went to his picture-dealer, so the story goes, and asked that a portrait of the Marshal should be kept for him.

"Very well," said the saleswoman, "but we have only the large one in the window left."

"That's all right," answered the customer. "Keep it for me, I will collect it this evening."

As is usual, the saleswoman placed on the Marshal's portrait a small ticket bearing the word, "SOLD," and went about her business.

Those who passed the picture-dealer's shop stopped and laughed when they saw the notice.

The Germans, who are not very quick-witted, finally saw the uncomplimentary allusion to Marshal Pétain which was being read into the word "SOLD." They entered the shop, reprimanded the dealer, and, having ordered him to change the offending ticket, left, but not before imposing a 1,000-franc fine.

The dealer, in a fine temper, pounced on the saleswoman and ordered her to change the "SOLD" ticket immediately. In tears, the girl who had acted quite unthinkingly, replaced the ticket by another bearing the word "ÉPUISÉ." Though this meant "Stock exhausted," it can also be read as "worn out," so Parisians had a further laugh.

This story, said to be true, went round Paris. Such tales by the hundred are invented about "collaborators," the men of Vichy, and the Germans.

Many photographs of the Marshal of France were sold. Some were bought for no apparent reason, but most were bought as a result of indirect blackmail. For business-houses, private firms, and generally for all offices or premises open to the public, purchase was obligatory. Ardent de Gaullists bought them to allay Gestapo suspicions in case of a search.

In the business-house where I worked there was a photograph of Pétain in each office, despite the fact that the entire staff, from office-boys to managers, were de

Gaullists. My own office was an exception to the rule. Knowing my feelings, the management did not press me to have Pétain's likeness, realising that I should have found it intolerable.

After a particularly sickening speech by the Chief of State about the shooting of hostages, during which he did not voice a single noble thought for the murdered patriots, my principal put the Marshal's photo into his desk, face downwards. This was the signal for every employee to rid his office of the capitulator.

In many homes a photograph of de Gaulle has replaced that of the traitor.

One of the resistance groups which I helped to form obtained, by means unknown, two photographs of the General, one full length, the other, head and shoulders. The first was sold at 7 francs, the second at 5 francs. Hundreds of them were sold, the money helping to swell the propaganda fund.

When Paris learned of the death in the Mediterranean of M. Chiappe, ex-Prefect of Police, deputy, municipal councillor, Pétain's nominee as Governor of Syria, and one of the first "collaborators," there was an outburst of joy. "That's one less," said Parisians.

On this occasion, when M. Constantini, editor of *l'Appel*, placarded the hoardings with posters deploring the death of this hero of treason and blaming Britain for the "crime," the posters were mutilated. On some of them could be read such messages as: "One b—— the less," "Scoundrel," "Long live Britain," "About time, too!", and so on.

The shop *Toutmain* in the Champs Elysées, supposedly Jewish, had its windows smashed by a gang of louts, probably followers of Doriot. The following day *Le Matin* printed a hypocritical article deprecating such acts. Obviously, the German "gentlemen," *punaises vertes* as Parisians call them, would not do such a thing. They have since done worse.

The same misfortune befell a jeweller in the Rue Auber. He placed on his window a notice which read: "This has been done by cowardly vandals." Passers-by made no

comments, but their faces showed that they thought the notice a slap in the face for the enemy.

The Russian travel bureau, "Intourist," has been converted into a recruiting office for the anti-Bolshevik Legion. In all, this recruiting centre has enrolled fourteen volunteers. Press photographs of crowds of would-be volunteers in the Rue Auber were nothing but bluff, posed by "crowd scene" actors.

On this topic, here is another story which made the round of Paris and passed for genuine, like all others of the same type.

In front of the deserted recruiting office in the Rue Auber, where not even a cat blocked the doorway, a man stood waving his arms as if being overwhelmed by a rush-hour crowd on the Métro. As he waved his arms he called out: "Pass along there, pass along! There's room for everybody!"

When this tale is told the narrator concludes, "Of course, the police arrested him!"

Parisians still have a sense of humour. Could anything show better the lively cheek which the French display?

In the provinces, the state of feeling is the same as in Paris, with the difference that people know one another better. They are not unaware of each other's sentiments, and it is easier to be on guard against the few "collaborators." With one or two exceptions, there are few or no troops in the smaller towns. A small patrol puts in an occasional appearance. As in Paris, current events and food are the main topics of conversation.

In the countryside, the peasants live on produce from their own land, building up and hiding reserves against an uncertain future. In some districts, a census has been taken of pigs and poultry. Farmers must notify the nearest town hall when they slaughter a pig, and their meat coupons are cancelled. Many of them do not submit to this procedure, consequently they do not inform the town hall when they kill a porker.

Markets are less busy, for requisitioning has not been without effect. The peasants are unwilling to sell, but if

they do, it is to the black market. I do not suggest that this is universal, but it is certainly a current practice.

Generally speaking, the peasants were better off and, in consequence, were fairly satisfied at first. That is no longer the case. Not only are they the victims of frequent requisitions, but they have realised that the money they receive no longer buys much. They have clothing cards also, and for them, as for others, the cost of living is increasing.

The Germans requisition horses and pay between 3,000 and 4,000 francs for them. To get a new animal, their owners must spend 40,000 or 50,000 francs. How can farmers work their land when agricultural machines are useless for lack of petrol, when thread for the reapers, and steel for repairs is lacking? German agricultural experts were sent to advise on methods of increasing crops. These Germans soon found that the French had nothing to learn about ways of obtaining the most from their land.

In some *départements*, particularly in the Ardennes, the Germans have created an organisation under the name, *l'Osland*, to take over agricultural workings, lands, and equipment in the possession of German troops, or abandoned by their owners, or not being worked in conformity with German methods. In this way huge tracts of land have been brought together under a single tenant for potato production. *L'Osland* acts as agent for lands until the owners are expelled.

This expulsion has already begun.

In the north, and in Alsace particularly, whole populations have been deported to Poland.

III

UNOCCUPIED ZONE

I HAVE been into the unoccupied zone a number of times. My visits never lasted more than forty-eight hours, except in October 1940, when I remained a fortnight. I had crossed the whole of France to get to Marseilles and I was arrested in more than one town.

In the course of these journeys, of which the principal purpose was getting escaped prisoners across the demarcation line, I was able to see for myself that the so-called free zone was, in reality, as much in German control as the occupied zone itself. Admittedly there are no troops, but German officers in mufti stay there under cover of an armistice commission. They supervise and requisition as in the occupied zone.

A clandestine paper, *Combat*, printed the following comments on the unoccupied zone, referring to an agreement reached on 20th May 1941:

"Vichy has obligingly set out its advantages: free passage for goods, assets, and securities (other than gold and foreign bonds or currency) from zone to zone; and the postal concession of an ordinary postcard in place of the two-line inter-zone card. Silence has been kept on the reason for this new flexibility, namely, the opportunity for Berlin to gain the assistance of industries in the unoccupied zone, as it has already of those in the occupied zone. The concessions to Germany have not been disclosed.

"Germany has, in effect, demanded guarantees. The commercial and financial control she wields in the occupied zone is to be extended over the whole of France. Vichy has thus recognised officially the German commissioner who has been installed in the Bank of France by the Reich, and whose powers have been increased. His consent, for instance, would be necessary for a change in the

discount rate. In fact, he exercises his large powers over all our monetary policy.

"Vichy has installed a second commissioner of the Reich in the office for exchange, and a third in the office for foreign trade.

"German customs-officers are now operating in the unoccupied zone, and as Berlin does not wish their number to be excessive, the number of frontier posts available for foreign commercial traffic has been reduced.

"Is it remembered that, according to promises made before the Armistice was signed, Germany was not to interfere in French administration? Collaboration leads to complete bondage. All our monetary, financial, and commercial institutions are controlled by the Reich with the official consent of Vichy, a consent concealed from the French.

"Collaboration has also been organised, in the same spirit, to extend to private business. By special agreements, and by the setting-up of an organisation to cover major risks, with offices in Munich, the Reich is in a position to exercise an overwhelming influence on the French insurance market, which disposes of a very large capital. The French artificial textile industry has been federated in a new company, 'France-Rayonne,' in which Germany controls 30 per cent of the capital and the whole technical management. The constitution of a single organisation for the French automobile industry will ensure fulfilment by French producers of the agreement reached with similar German and Italian groups, directed, of course, by Germany. Almost all the French dye industry has been incorporated in a new combine, 'Francolor,' of which 51 per cent of the capital, absolute control, is in the hands of the Reich. In another essentially French industry, the manufacture of paper for cigarettes, Germany has intervened directly by erecting a new factory, entirely German-owned, near Bordeaux. (Before the war France produced two-thirds of the world output of paper for cigarette-making.) The French managements of iron and steel works in the Meurthe-et-Moselle region, that is,

in territory not annexed so far as is known, have been supplanted by Germans.

"On the European scale collaboration is no less active. With the official agreement of Vichy, German groups have acquired, with French money obtained as 'occupation costs,' French majority holdings in Czechoslovakian industries and in the Bor mines, which exploit a vein of auriferous copper in Yugoslavia. They have also taken over French control in Norwegian nitrates. As for the considerable French interests in Poland, the greater part of these have been openly confiscated.

"All our industrial and commercial holdings in Europe have been thus eliminated, one after another, to the profit, not of the European community, but of Germany alone.

"This is 'collaboration.' It does nothing to save French industry to-day from reaching the end of its tether, but it puts all our resources into active service for our enemies. It has arranged the surrender of our domestic and European interests. Vichy approves, and this, in the eyes of the world, will be a serious factor in days to come. Yet Vichy has not the frankness to admit openly to the French people the details of its sorry arrangement."

The French in the unoccupied zone are subjected to the same campaign of eyewash and bluff as those in the occupied zone. The Press, cinema, and radio exalt and flatter Marshal Pétain. He is intoxicated with his own propaganda, which represents him as his country's saviour. Crowds acclaim him, and little children from all the schools of France send him touching letters.

Is he really so popular?

From my travels in the occupied zone, and observations in the other zone, I think I can say that he is not. If it were otherwise, would he need such strident propaganda, would he need to treble his police or have a fighting legion of informers? According to an eyewitness, during his first journey to Lyons only schoolchildren, under the direction of their tutors, cheered him,

The unoccupied zone is, in fact, very divided. There are de Gaullists who refuse to place any trust in Pétain.

There are followers of Doriot who want to see fascism in France and are under the patronage of foreign dictatorships. In addition, there are those who "collaborate" with or without reservations, and, finally, the Legion, an ill-assorted medley of seekers for honours, places, political posts, and shelter from police attentions. The Legion is an organisation for spying and informing which Vichy has built up in its own interests.

All this creates an unhealthy atmosphere of instability and confusion. Are not the recent troubles in the South proof of discontent? Admittedly, hunger was the direct cause, call it one of the principal causes, but there are deeper reasons for these troubles.

In addition to police, the strength of the Marshal lies in the fact that the majority of French in the unoccupied zone fear the occupation of all France by Hitler's hordes, and this majority, drunk with propaganda, believes that the Marshal is the only man capable of preventing it. Hitler, of course, would not now be capable of doing so. This explains the climbing-down and servitude which the French accept. Darlan, for instance, is abominated even by those who put their faith in Pétain. Fear of communism, well-exploited, is another reason.

With shots taken from the best angles, the screen shows us masses of people cheering Pétain. But how many are sincere? What the screen does not show us is those who do not cheer, those who think, reflect, and are disheartened by a régime imposed by the enemy. Let there be no mistake, there is a huge majority which waits, chafing under restraint, till events favour it.

The Riom trials, which have already implicated the Marshal, may bring surprises. The accusers may, before the end, be in the place of the accused.¹

The clergy is not united. For a few cardinals who betray their God and country, many priests and Catholics in the two zones are fearful of the consequences which will follow the present state of things.

¹ Written before the adjournment of the trials, but not modified by this.

The question of food sets town and country in opposition, and, at Marseilles, more die from hunger than in Paris. It needed the Machiavellian wit of Hitler to divide France into two zones.

There is something yet more serious. It is the oath to himself which the Marshal requires, an oath due only to God. "I swear faithfulness to you . . ."

Though this oath demanded from Légionnaires is, to my mind, of little consequence, when required from judges, professors, and civil servants, it cannot do other than offend their consciences.

One of my earliest de Gaullist friends, a university professor and a fervent Catholic, who had to take this oath of loyalty to Pétain, came and asked me what he should do. I advised him to take the oath, assuring him that an oath sworn under constraint is worthless. Yet consciences are no less troubled.

The duplicity of Vichy is unspeakable. After the armistice, aeroplanes ordered from the United States were turned over to the Germans as soon as they arrived at Casablanca.

General Weygand gave an address to the reserve officers and N.C.O.s of the African army. A correspondent at Dakar sent me the full text. I thought that the ex-Generalissimo and Minister of War would have exalted the patriotic sentiments of the colonials. He contented himself with justifying his own part in the armistice. . . .

IV

WHAT FRANCE IS THINKING

I TOUCH here on a rather delicate subject, and I shall endeavour to deal with it to the best of my ability. It will be neither easy nor simple.

When one has known France prosperous and freedom-loving, and followed her political struggles, to know her under officials nominated by the enemy, prisoned, pillaged, and impoverished, her people having barely enough to keep from starving, is to realise the material and moral confusion into which she has been plunged.

France has known difficult times during her history. Never has she known at one time, enemy occupation, division into zones, exploitation, pillage, loss of provinces, deportation of population, separated families, disunited colonies, worthless money minted by the invader, a traitor government, internal strife, Church leaders collaborating with the enemy, war continuing despite a dishonourable armistice, a middle class so unmoved, a food problem so difficult, police so suspicious, the future so precarious, hope so elusive.

Could hearts and minds be other than confused and troubled?

Every material progress has been turned topsy-turvy in the century of light and progress.

The French have electricity, but cannot see by it; they have gas, yet cannot cook their food; they have coal, and are unable to warm themselves; they have railways, but neither milk nor butter for babies; they have clothing coupons and no clothes; they have transport, yet cannot feed themselves; they have sick who cannot get medicines; they have wireless sets, but cannot hear words of hope.

How can the rumble of revolt fail to grow more violent as a result of the suppression it has known?

How will it shape itself, what will be the reactions of

the French people in face of unforeseen events, good or bad?

That is unknown.

The great majority of the French people regret their lost liberties, hating the Germans and, even more, the Italians.

The partisans of collaboration accuse Republican Governments before June 1939 of having been dragged at England's heels. To this the French reply, "What else was possible? To be dragged at Germany's heels? At least with England and the Jewish-bolshevik-masonic régime, which Radio-Paris shrieks about, we were able to satisfy our hunger and we enjoyed freedom. We do not want to reinstate the old system which was only a caricature of democracy, but to the dictatorship of a Hitler, Mussolini, or Pétain-Darlan, we stubbornly prefer a truly democratic régime, where every man would have his place and there would be something more than turnips to eat."

In the suburbs, where they have little patience with antiquated notions, people admire General de Gaulle. They count on the English, even more on the Americans, and, without being communists, most of all on the Russians.

Nothing can be done without the masses. Whether it is liked or not, it will be necessary to come to terms with them.

Pétain has told the French that they have forgotten. The working people have not forgotten. Those who bow before the invader, those who are forced to work for the enemy in the factories, where every day the risk is greater because of air raids, have not forgotten. They have not forgotten the events of 6th February 1934, the gains of the Popular Front, the treason of politicians and trade unionists, or those answerable for defeat.

The French worker, scoffing, carefree, and anti-militarist, has become patriotic and revolutionary. He has become so in the way of the revolutionaries of 1792 and waits only the opportune moment to prove it. He wants no

further talk of the old political groupings. I do not suggest he will destroy the framework of all the old parties. It is certain that socialism is deep-rooted in many. Communism must be taken into account, but it is dangerous only because Germany has given it martyrs.

In France, that is important.

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The middle classes have taken refuge in Vichy. Just as they failed to understand in 1936, so have they failed now. Clinging to their prejudices, they have tried to keep all their privileges. They did not do justice to the rightful demands of the workers, except under constraint and compulsion, taking back what they could at any opportunity.

Some of the middle class, in direct contact with workers, have realised their mistakes. I have heard some interesting conversations on this topic. These would willingly accept a compromise to safeguard what yet may be saved. Others, alarmed by Russian successes, want a strong government, a monarchy if need be, to hold back the tide which must one day sweep over them, and which, after all, will have been of their own creation.

* * * * *

The clergy are no less scared than the middle classes, with whom they have linked their fate. Church attendances are smaller than in 1914. Catholics have been shocked by the attitude of certain cardinals. In the masses, a wave of anti-clericalism is rising. Words expected from the Pope have not been spoken. The Episcopate appears to support Pétain, whose life is far from edifying and does not conform with its maxims.

A special number of *Valmy* contained an appeal to Catholics to remain united and not be influenced by a few cardinals who did not constitute the whole Church. The complaints and insults we received were all directed against the Church.

The clergy themselves are far from united, as the following incident will show.

To a suburban church one Sunday morning, Mgr Suhard, Archbishop of Paris, sent a canon to preach collaboration at the Mass for men. As a protest, many Catholics left the church.

His sermon ended, the canon left the pulpit. His place was immediately taken by a curé of the parish who preached resistance.

Schism?

I use the word because it is on the lips of many Catholics.

Communism? Monarchy? Schism?

Anything is possible in France, except the continuance in power of Pétain.¹

Revolution?

Yes, as soon as the Germans show weakness in France. Vichy knows it. The Germans know it so well that they employ revolution as an argument with the Marshal. It can be understood why Pétain has never spoken a word of pity for the unfortunate "communist" hostages shot by the Germans. The Germans are maintaining order.

How will revolution begin? To make forecasts is not easy. The peasants are making money and have enough to eat, while the town-dwellers get poorer and have to suffer increasing restrictions. Will the peasants come to the rescue of the others?

The question already arises.

Will peasants in organised bands make guerrilla war on the Germans?

Once again, anything is possible.

Accumulated money has no real value and cannot be put to use. It is of no real value because French banknotes are manufactured by the Germans, as I explained in an earlier chapter. It cannot be put to use because the peasants cannot buy clothes, having so few clothing coupons. Neither can they renew farm machinery, steel is reserved for war manufactures. Some have thought to increase their comfort by modernising or repairing their

¹ Written before Laval's advent to power, confirming what I had said in advance.

farm premises, but they cannot get cement, plaster, lime, or other materials for maintenance purposes.

During requisitions, the payment made for horses is in the neighbourhood of 3,000-4,000 francs, but to obtain another animal in replacement 40,000-50,000 francs must be paid.

What is the peasant to work with?

Is France moving towards a peasants' revolt, like that of the Chouans during the French Revolution?

What about arms?

They exist. Where they may be found is known. Russian victories, bringing about a break-up of the German Army, will provide them.

Finally, there is the question of prisoners of war. Almost a million of them makes a big problem. They will not be pro-Pétain. They have been used to bring pressure on Vichy, and it is certain that Hitler will not release them except by dribs and drabs.

However, it is predictable that even before an allied victory the demoralisation of the German people will make possible more and more frequent individual and group escapes, ending in an "every man for himself" stampede, as in 1918. This flood of young men who have known both suffering and betrayal, will bring about a ferment in France of which the consequences cannot be foretold.

They will return with the halo of martyrs, and with vengeance in their hearts. They will not take long to see through Vichy's game. They will be against the Marshal who has not been able, or known how, to free them.

I cannot see what the Chief of State will be able to do with them after having spoken of the "poor prisoners" with so much simulated pity and anxiety.

IN order to understand the present mood of the French it would be an advantage to review first their frame of mind before the war, at its outbreak, and after Dunkirk. I will try to do this briefly.

Before the war the French possessed a land which provided sufficient for all their needs, and to this the colonies added a surplus. The temperate climate of France, its geographical position and magnificent scenery, induced the French to travel only in their own land, and thus they remained ignorant of much that was happening beyond their frontiers. The latest social legislation had brought them the security they desired. They were pacifist, believing that true happiness was to be found in peace. To menacing rumours abroad they paid scant attention, considering them the tricks of armaments manufacturers and feeling, finally, that everything would be arranged. Hitler was certainly a bugbear, but people said: "There's a lot of bluff in him." This sweet complacency was disturbed by Munich. France then started arming, more as an insurance than from any deep sense of conviction. For the rest, there was the political and ideological struggle in which the French delight.

When the inevitable happened, the French did not want to believe that the war would be serious. They thought Hitler had too much to lose and that it was all part of a new bluff. Inaction weighed heavily on the troops during the first months of war and brought discouragement in its train. Then came the brutal and unforeseen *débâcle*. It has been said of the French that they did not want to fight. That is not true. Wherever the French fought the German army fell back. Perhaps it has been forgotten that some units held out for many weeks in the Maginot line, refusing to surrender. The truth is

that the French were betrayed, not only by sneaking politicians, but also by military leaders. That is known now. Is it commonly known, however, that after the 1936 elections, the Association of Reserve Officers approached the President of the Republic in the Elysée Palace and informed him that in the event of war with Italy they would not serve?

This action explains much. The representatives of the Association of Reserve Officers, of which the President was M. Ferry, a member of M. Lebrun's civil Cabinet, should have left the Elysée in prison vans. They left in freedom.

After the armistice the French, ignorant of the intrigues which had been hatched, put their trust in Marshal Pétain, sanctified by age and honours. With death at their hearts they accepted an armistice which, it was claimed, had been concluded honourably, but of which they do not yet know the terms. The tremulous, broken voice of the Marshal attested over the radio that the French people had been drawn into the war unprepared and had been abandoned by perfidious Albion at Dunkirk. Though the French were not misled by German propaganda they did believe him who spoke of "these lies which have caused you so much harm."

Without means of discovering the truth, my fellow-countrymen did feel resentment against Britain at that time. They recalled British hesitation in 1914 before Britain actually entered the war, the British attitude at the Peace Conference, the voluntary isolation which Britain had maintained, and the Fashoda incident; they did not know of the resolution with which the British people faced single-handed war against Germany.

Then it was that, suddenly, a voice of their own land made itself heard across the air. General de Gaulle was continuing the fight. His soldierly eloquence hammered out the phrases and called truth aloud to his fellow-countrymen, restoring hope to them in the same moment. The veil of lies was torn asunder. The French saw the rôle for which they had been cast. They knew that of all the

nations, only their own had signed an armistice. Resistance began, hope was reborn and confidence in Britain was renewed. Despite the ban, the French broadcasts from London found an audience. British repulses of the Germans brought rejoicing, and eager calculations were made of the number of Germans drowned in the Channel.

The months that followed brought no solution of French problems. Restrictions, misery, and repression weighed heavily. Britain was not greatly blamed for Oran which, let it be said in passing, was a mistake, nor for Dakar, nor for Syria; her apparent inaction and slowness caused anxiety. Then came the Libyan offensive. This roused great hopes, only to dash them a few weeks later. The French began to say: "When the British are up against the Italians they beat them. Who wouldn't? But when they are up against the Germans it's a different tale."

Without considering the military and strategic problems involved, the French asked why Britain did not take advantage of Russian successes to open a front in France, thus drawing off some of Hitler's forces and aiding Russia. They were ready to form themselves into a fifth column to aid Britain and General de Gaulle.

When America entered the war the French were overwhelmed by the Pacific reverses. The wireless explained that these reverses were due to Jap treachery while their envoys were still negotiating in Washington. This explanation only served to exasperate my compatriots who said: "That's just the trouble; they allow themselves to be taken by surprise, always and everywhere."

Mr. Churchill is listened to in France with much attention. He was thought to have declared that the war would be over by 1942, then by 1943. Hunger does not wait. Suicides increase constantly.

The majority of the French favour all who oppose the Germans. They are with the British. They have confidence in the vast reserves of the United States. They pin hopes on Russia. They cannot understand why Britain and America do not recognise officially the government

of General de Gaulle. They ask the reason for this, saying: "If the British Isles were in the same position as France, would there be as many Britons, as there are French volunteers, crossing the Channel to enlist in our country, despite the risks of escape and reprisals against their families?" If my countrymen had the means they would land in Britain by tens of thousands.

The French regret the thought that they may have fallen in American estimation because of the follies and mean actions of Vichy, committed without their consent. They desire the bombardment of factories working for the Germans, but only as a necessary evil, they do not rejoice in the thought.

I have tried to state objectively the criticisms made by my compatriots. They realise, nevertheless, that without Britain's resistance Russia would not have been able to intervene, nor would the United States have had time for preparation. At this moment Europe would be under the Nazi heel.

These criticisms by the French, well or ill-founded, may be unexpected. I have noticed, talking with English people, that many of them think the same. The visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth to Paris, shortly before the war, is not forgotten. Paris does not forget. Those were days of joy. The French have one fear, however—that the "peace party"¹ will triumph in England. German propaganda exploits to its own profit any opposition to Mr. Churchill, who the French compare with Clemenceau.

The French, certainly, have made mistakes. Who has not? What they will not admit are the faults with which Pétain reproaches them. "Is it a fault to have loved liberty too much?" they ask. France is the land of the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen.

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The British people are hemmed in by many restrictions,

¹ In London, I am assured that there is no "peace party," but despite that, the French, swamped by Nazi propaganda, believe to the contrary.

but the French people are suffering deprivation, hunger, and occupation. Their spirit cannot be the same. In the past the British and the French have had differences which have only been solved with great difficulty on many occasions. Rightly or wrongly, the French reproach the British for selfishness. At bottom, I believe that is all that divides our countries. My own people have their faults, but they are ardent, generous, and sentimental.

France to-day is deep in misfortune. I want to see the bonds of friendship between our countries draw closer; to see the British people making a new effort towards fuller understanding. When France is free again she will not be ungrateful to Britain. For many Frenchmen the United Kingdom, land of exile, has become a second country. Despite my lack of knowledge of the tongue which Shakespeare spoke, I have made friendships with Britons since my arrival in London. I know that after the war such ties will be unbreakable. My deepest desire is to see the same friendship solidly established between our two countries. These sufferings, misfortunes, and voluntary exile will then have served one great purpose.

In the three chapters which follow, I have tried to picture, not without humour, something of the daily life of the French, who still smile, despite difficulties, annoyances, and privation.

PART SIX

I

A PARISIAN HOUSEHOLD

HECTOR, a grumpy husband.

AMBROSINE, a conciliatory wife.

LÉON, a friend.

HECTOR. Do you call this coffee?

AMBROSINE. But, darling, coffee is only chick-peas and chicory.

HECTOR. And what about the milk?

AMBROSINE. I had to queue for three-quarters of an hour this morning, and when it came to my turn there was only skimmed milk left.

HECTOR. Anyway, this chick-pea coffee of yours is not hot.

AMBROSINE. Well, what do you expect? I can't heat it up because we are too short of gas.

HECTOR. Heavens! It isn't very warm to-day. Plug in the electric fire for a while.

AMBROSINE. Some hopes! We shall exceed our allowance of electricity and that will mean a fine and the current cut off.

HECTOR. H'm. Is this all the bread there is?

AMBROSINE. Yes. In spite of the regulations the baker has already let me have some of our next fortnight's ration.

HECTOR. And butter?

AMBROSINE. No chance of that.

HECTOR. Well, you'll sew on the button which came off my jacket yesterday?

AMBROSINE. I can't; there isn't any thread to be had.

HECTOR. I shall look a sight, going out with a jacket flopping from side to side. Have you, at least, mended my socks?

AMBROSINE. I haven't any more clothing coupons, so I can't buy any darning wool.

HECTOR. Blast!

AMBROSINE. We had sixty coupons between us. I had to give the tailor forty-five for your overcoat, six for two pairs of socks, though these are as good as three pairs since they're the same colour, two more for a tie and six for a pair of pants. That's the sixty. A whole year's ration gone.

HECTOR. But all the same, I can't go about naked.

AMBROSINE. What about me? I no longer wear stockings.

HECTOR. You've got very nice legs.

AMBROSINE. Perhaps, but I've also got cold feet.

HECTOR. Did you remember to take my shoes to be repaired?

AMBROSINE. The shop's shut for want of materials.

HECTOR. You can go to another.

AMBROSINE. The other shops won't take new customers; they can't look after their old clients.

HECTOR. Well, with this wet weather, I shall get my feet soaked. That will mean a cold, and there's no salve for my nose because of the shortage of medicaments.

AMBROSINE. And I shall have more handkerchiefs to wash, which will mean less soap.

HECTOR. Can you give me some soap for a wash?

AMBROSINE. Here you are; that's all we have.

HECTOR. With this rubbish, less than thirty per cent fats, I use three times as much and only get half as clean.

AMBROSINE. To say nothing of the way it sticks to your fingers.

HECTOR. Someone's ringing. Answer the door, and if its the postman again with pictures of Pétain get rid of him.

AMBROSINE. Good morning, Monsieur Léon.

LÉON. Good morning, Madame Ambrosine. How's Hector?

AMBROSINE. Don't talk to me about him! He's in a foul temper to-day because of all the restrictions.

LÉON. What's he doing?

AMBROSINE. He's cleaning his teeth.

LÉON. Oh! Has he still got some toothpaste?

AMBROSINE. He uses charcoal, just as if we had too much.
(HECTOR enters)

HECTOR. Good morning, Léon.

LÉON. Good morning, Hector.

HECTOR. What's the news?

LÉON. You don't think I'd pay a franc for a paper just to read a pack of lies, do you?

HECTOR. I listened to Radio-Paris last night.

LÉON. Then you don't know any more than I do.

HECTOR. Oh, yes, I do. Radio-Boche had quite a lot to say about the Pacific and local actions in Cyrenaica. As for Russia, nothing to report.

LÉON. That's not good news.

HECTOR. Why not? A long talk about the Pacific—things can't be going so well for them out there. Local actions in Cyrenaica—Rommel's in trouble. Nothing to report on the Russian front—Hitler must be getting his knees caned.

LÉON. In short, reverse what the Germans say if you want to know the truth.

AMBROSINE. Exactly.

HECTOR. You haven't a cigarette, I suppose?

LÉON. A cigarette? My dear Hector, smoking four cigarettes a day exhausted my ten-day ration long ago.

HECTOR. Then what are you smoking?

LÉON. Vine leaves and lime leaves. I have even smoked all my son's cigarettes of straw.

HECTOR. Come on, let's go to the "Petit Café" for an apéritif.

LÉON. An apéritif? It's a "no-apéritif" day to-day.

HECTOR. That's true! I'd forgotten that.

LÉON. Well, what shall we do?

AMBROSINE. Go and see Marcel, on the Place Voltaire.
The Z bus will get you there in no time.

LÉON. You're dreaming, dear lady. There are only ten bus services left in Paris. The Z service has been cancelled like the others.

HECTOR. We'll listen to the wireless; it's about the best thing on a wet day like this.

LÉON. What station do you listen to?

HECTOR. London, of course.

(The set gives out a series of growling noises)

LÉON. It's being jammed, that's obvious.

HECTOR. Oh, hang! It makes me sick. The least pleasure is denied us. You want to think—*verboten!* To read your favourite author—*verboten!* To go through this street—*verboten!* To take a breath of air on the boulevards after 6 p.m.—*verboten!* Taxis—*verboten!* Long live freedom!

AMBROSINE and LÉON. *Verboten!*

HECTOR. It would be better if we were told what we are allowed to do.

LÉON. To starve!

HECTOR. Or join the Anti-Bolshevik Legion and die for the *Roi de Prusse!*

II

MÂME MACHUE

You know Ma Machue, *voyons?* The fat old dear, always knocking about the street. A bit scruffy perhaps, but you know what it is with seven kids. She's John Blunt all right, no stopping her.

What d'you think? Only yesterday she got caught by a dirty rotten trick. I'd better tell you first, she lives next door to me. You know what it is, we went and got our food cards together, and we always queue-up with each

other. She's a good old sort. When I met her yesterday she was just going round to queue-up at the butcher's: it was the day for our numbers to be served. She's got number 2023, and mine's 2024. You can bet I know hers. We're always together, I don't mind telling you.

Well, she says, what about it? I'm coming, I says, and we had a good old chinwag on the way to the butcher's. Blimey, she's got a plateful of trouble all right. They want her brother, you know, the one on the dole, to go and work in Germany. She says to me, I'll have to hang about, I give Arsule the priority card.

Arsule's her eldest, runs errands. He don't get much, but you know what it is. Still, she couldn't manage without, what with all this queueing-up. Ma said she sent the eldest for tomatoes, some hopes! I want to keep an eye on that butcher, she says, to see he don't palm off any more rubbish on me. Remember the last time I sent the kid? Gave him all bones, he did.

Well, that's how we arrived at Arthur's—he's the butcher. But we was too early, he had the shutters up. The police wouldn't let anyone queue because there was more than half an hour to go. But Ma Machue knows a thing or two. We went to a house quite near where the *concièrge* lets you stand in the passage for an hour for two francs. It's pretty draughty, but it's better than the rain and the cops. They know all about it, but they can't do nothing, t'ain't forbidden.

She started going on about the Boches. And don't she love 'em. There was her fourth boy, young Arnest, he's only twelve. A Jerry clouted him for playing hop-sotch. The son of a, you know, thought the kid was trying to stop him, but it wasn't true. The kid had his legs stretched out to reach the numbers and didn't want to lose his stone. You know how they play hop-sotch. You'd think them Jerries never had any kids of their own. What's more, God help us, they're slowly killing 'em.

What about Russia, too? The London wireless said again yesterday that the Russians is shoving 'em back. Still, to get back to Ma Machue, the queue starts forming.

Up they comes from all over the place. Ma tries to run, but what with her varicose veins she wasn't very quick. It was a good job I stuck to her or she'd have broken her neck. I caught her just in time. Fat like she is, with her dropsy, she'd have made a dent in the pavement.

Well, at last we got to Arthur's and there was thirty kids before us. They don't get much to eat, poor little devils, they're so light they can run, you know. Well, it was a good job for me I queued-up, because to-morrow's the day for tobacco. I'd forgotten it till Ma told me it was the day for numbers 1500 to 2000, and her husband Zeph's number is 1999. What a number to have. Ma was lucky she didn't have to register him somewhere else. They can't have more than 2000 at one shop, well, you know that.

She has to go and get Zeph's tobacco because the poor old devil works at Rateau's right over at Corneuve. Is he tired when he gets in, what with hardly any buses and them Germans taking all the seats on the underground. Still, it's better to work at Corneuve than in Boche-land. Never mind if they have had the jitters since Renaults was bombed. What Zeph would've told her if she'd forgotten his baccy!

And then, to-morrow's the day for potatoes and fish. It's a fair—well, I don't like to say it. There's so many numbers to think of I can't remember anything. It makes you pleased when someone in the queue reminds you, friendly-like. They're not all like it. Just listen to what happened to Ma Machue.

There was one dame carrying on about Pétain being a great Frenchman, and that if Laval was in the Government the prisoners would be released. How she went on, all about it being quite right that if we collaborated we'd have more to eat and there'd be nothing Mr. Hitler would like better.

Everyone shut up, you can bet. But I saw Ma's face getting redder and redder. I pinched her arm so's she wouldn't say anything because the hussy was only trying to start something, but Ma just had to let fly. She can't

hold that tongue of hers. And what she didn't tell that slut! The so-and-so called the police and asked for Ma to be taken to the lock-up. That caused a shindy in the queue! The cops didn't want to do anything, but they couldn't help 'emselfes; the bitch threatened to go to the Germans.

Nobody knows what's happened to Ma Machue. But that dame was from the Gestapo all right.

Poor old Zeph, he never got his baccy after all.

III

OBSESSION

OBSESSION! Can people realise the full meaning of this word for a Frenchman in the occupied zone?

Is it not an obsession to see, to sense, to meet only, all the time, everywhere, these *verdurets*, as they are called—Huns in green, grey, black, and khaki?

How sickening these colours! The endless forage caps, steel helmets, and peaked caps break your heart. There is no escape from the Germans. In the streets, trains, restaurants, and theatres they rub shoulders, jostle and elbow you, like ordinary people, friends or comrades. These, the collaborators, victors, murderers of relatives, friends, and brothers.

They are in shops, offices, workrooms, and factories. For two pins they would be sitting at your family table. They are in everything, everywhere, every moment.

Try to avoid them in a deserted street and a patrol will appear, complete with steel helmets, jack-boots, and rifles. Dodge down a side-street and a German policeman will be waiting to demand: "Your papers?" If you want to cross the road, you must wait while a convoy of lorries, tanks, guns, and munitions goes by. Take a walk on the boulevards and a regiment will strut past. Go among the

trees on the Champs Elysées for a breath of air in summer and the blare of German military music will deafen you.

A German has been killed. You must be home before 6 p.m. and close the shutters. To look out of the window or to stand on the doorstep is forbidden. At the end of the street a machine-gun is mounted, charged with death.

Someone gives information to a police officer or municipal guard. Immediately there is a round-up. You are searched, stripped, and your shopping-bag or parcels are examined under the arrogant stares of Gestapo men.

You want to go along a certain street, or to visit this café or that cinema. You cannot, they are closed to civilians. Buy a paper, and it is German. Look at a new poster, German again. See a film, German also. Go to a concert, German music. Call at the laundry, they are washing for the army of occupation—and it can do with it! All these people dressed like yourself are talking German.

Enough! Enough! Go farther afield, into the country to look at the flowers, to watch the stars, to fill your lungs, to take a breath of freedom. The value of liberty is not realised till it is lost.

But first, there is the booking-office.

"Have you a permit to travel?"

"I have a dying mother, my wife is seriously ill, and I haven't seen my children for two years."

"No good. Permits are issued only for travel in connection with business."

What about a telegram? Forbidden! A letter? Censored! An appointment? Very suspicious, who do you want to meet?

You are wanted on the 'phone. Be careful, the line is tapped.

"Good morning, Jim, you old so-and-so. It's good to see you again."

"Ssssh! we're being watched."

Go and listen to the wireless at André's, Jean's, or

Huguette's place, but be careful. The downstairs neighbours are "collaborators," upstairs there is a policeman, and a German lives next door.

"Oh, hang! A summons to the police-station."

Informers!

"But, monsieur le Commissaire . . ."

"Get along, and don't come back. You're suspect."

You go home, miserable and discouraged. A hostage, you! What can you do? Careful, always be careful, you have been followed by a detective. You are a suspect. There are inquiries and searches. For fear of compromising themselves your *concièrge* and neighbours will no longer talk to you, even your friends sheer off.

You've had enough, your spirit is broken. If only you could escape, get across the sea, chance everything, even death, to be free of such an intolerable existence.

There is a knock at the door.

"Would you like a photo of Marshal Pétain?"

"Oh, go to the devil! I can see it anywhere and everywhere, shop-windows, offices, and business houses."

Another knock.

"Your donation, please, for the Marshal's Winter Relief Fund."

Obsession! Obsession!! Obsession!!!

A third knock, and this time a smiling face.

"What! Would I like to work in Germany?"

The smile has disappeared.

"You can do as you like, but your unemployment allowance will be stopped from to-day."

"In the name of the New Order, of course, you lousy swine!"

IV

SADISM

GERMANY has invited the nations of Europe to collaborate with her in building up a "New Order." This "New Order" is that of slavery.

Do we want to go back 2,000 years?

Hitler invented Nazism to attain his ends. He invented it but he has made no innovations. Nazism has a spirit—that of the sadism in which it wallows. Sadism is the essence of barbarism, the mystic rite of savages, and the attribute of perverts. In every action of the Nazis may be found some trace of it.

The idea of "collaboration" could only have sprung from a perverted mind. Where there is no virtue, good will not result. Are the supporters of collaboration virtuous men? To speak only of Frenchmen, the Lavals, Déats, Doriots, Luchaires, and others, do they lead virtuous lives? And their masters, Hitler, Goering, and Goebbels, are they not amorologists?

Are these "generous" victors? What a hope!

In olden times the victor gave back to the vanquished his sword. Hitler takes from the vanquished everything, including honour. He has imbued his people with the same spirit.

To torture a professor and to send his body to his wife, with the skull smashed in, pretending that he had committed suicide—is that not sadism?

To force the rectors of universities to denounce patriotic professors—is that not sadism?

To glorify those who defend their country and then occupy the apartments of Marshal Foch, slashing his portrait with a sword—is that not sadism?

To pretend religious emotion in a church without true faith—is that not sadism?

To give a seat to a woman in a train and shoot her husband next day—is that not sadism?

To put rotting potatoes from Germany on the market, making out they are from Brittany—is that not sadism?

To predict that nettles would have to be eaten, and to give recipes in advance for cooking them, as did *Le Matin*—is that not sadism?

To eat fruit gluttonously in front of anxious and hungry people—is that not sadism?

To forbid the serving of French people in restaurants before Germans, and to take the seat of a traveller needlessly—is that not sadism?

To pretend to be polite, correct, courteous gallants on all occasions, taking flowers to women in peace-time, and then, in war, to become tough, vulgar, bullying, violating torturers—is that not sadism?

To reduce whole populations to bare necessities and display large plates of butter on the tables of requisitioned restaurants, as was done in the Champs Elysées—is that not sadism?

To occupy, for preference, hotels having British associations—is that not sadism?

To establish recruiting offices for the Anti-Bolshevik Legion in shops from which Jews have been hounded—is that not sadism?

To sell German books in shops which were English bookshops—is that not sadism?

To praise family life and keep families separated by a demarcation line—is that not sadism?

To prate of morality and bribe informers—is that not sadism?

To force cinemas to show German news-reels—is that not sadism?

To imprison a girl of eighteen for resisting the embraces of a German, and to force her during her imprisonment to perform natural functions before a roomful of prisoners—is that not sadism?

To have Frenchmen arrested by French police, leading them to think that they will be treated generously, and then having them sentenced by French judges to twenty

CONCLUSIONS

years' imprisonment for trifling offences—is that not sadism?

To promise a prisoner his release, laugh at his happiness, and then lock him away in a more vile cell than before—is that not sadism?

To preach the doctrine of a healthy nation and send back war-prisoners with tuberculosis caused by camp conditions, withholding preventive treatment and stating in the Press that tuberculosis is not contagious, so that more shall be infected—is that not sadism?

To make condemned men pass the night before execution watching beside their coffins, or digging their own graves—is that not sadism?

* * * * *

From the highest rank of the collaborationist hierarchy to the lowest, it is the same also.

To refer during a speech to the "lies which have caused us so much suffering," and to lie—sadism, again.

To mouth pity for war-prisoners after having caused their capture, to see them return with tuberculosis and thank Hitler for his "generosity"—more sadism!

To replace "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" by "Work, Family, Country," buying consciences, breaking-up families, and betraying the country—Sadism!! Sadism!! Sadism!!

V

CONCLUSIONS

I COULD have written a very long book, dragging in tittle-tattle, telling more or less true stories, and commenting at length on bare facts. I did not wish to do this. The book is intended as a report on eighteen months spent under German occupation. I have recorded only what I actually saw or heard, or what was seen and heard

CONCLUSIONS

by reliable friends, or facts I have been able to verify. I have added nothing, neither embroidering nor suppressing any details. I have tried to describe the truth as I saw it.

The only changes I have made are in names of people and places where certain happenings occurred. This has been done to keep the enemy guessing and to ensure that none of my friends remaining in France shall be made hostages. For the same reason, I have modified certain factual details so that no clue shall be given to the enemy.

The NO-RE-PRAL resistance group does exist, under another name. The ways of defeating the demarcation line which I have described are now outmoded. There can be no doubt that lively minded and wily Frenchmen have invented new methods of circumventing the enemy. My characters are real people. They will recognise themselves under the pseudonyms which they chose when they knew I was going to London, or which I have given them. They will be able to attest that I have written nothing which is untrue.

When it may be done without risk to anyone, I will publish proof of what I have said and reveal the sources of my information. For reasons already given, I have had to keep silent about a great deal. The complete record of Germany's occupation of France has yet to be written. . . . This is not a hundredth part of the story.

I have written from memory, without documents. Once again, it is the evidence of a witness. The testimony of others will be added to mine.

At the time I was finishing this record, I learned that Laval, the most detested man in France, had secured full power. For those who know what is really happening in my country, this is no surprise.

What will Laval do? One does not need to be an intellectual giant to know the answer. The new *Président du Conseil* will try to sow confusion in men's minds and, thanks to this confusion, will continue his shady intrigues.

CONCLUSIONS

Laval will conduct an undermining war against the Allies, most dangerous because of its insidious character.

Great Britain and the United States thought that by handling Vichy with care they would receive at least a benevolent neutrality from the French Government. They were mistaken, as every Frenchman knew.

Now that the evidence is conclusive, there must be no more beating about the bush. My compatriots are distressed by the thought that Britain and America should think them solidly behind Vichy. The vast majority want to see full recognition of General de Gaulle and the landing in France of an allied expeditionary force.

That there are pro-Pétain elements, that collaboration has been able to pride itself on some notorious recruits and that resistance has not always shown itself active, must be admitted frankly. The dealings which Britain and, more lately, the United States have had with Vichy have not been without effect. It is a pity that diplomats charged with keeping their governments informed consulted only the oracles of Vichy, as in times of peace, and did not mix more with the common people. Government is not valid without the people's consent.

The French people are astonished that Britain and the United States have not given full official recognition to General de Gaulle. By the French people, I mean all of them, those of the occupied and of the unoccupied zone. Though the pro-Pétain element may have been in a majority in the unoccupied zone, and though in the occupied zone eighty per cent were for de Gaulle, since the advent to power of Laval it can be said quite definitely that in the two zones ninety-five per cent are for de Gaulle.

I have heard it said in London that General de Gaulle is not representative of France. To hear such a thing is possible only in London. If General de Gaulle does not represent France, who does?

Is it Pétain, the old man greedy for honours? Is it Laval, the political swindler? Is it Darlan, lusting for power? Is it Doriot, the international gangster? Is it de Brinon, the dubious place-hunter? Is it Déat, the

CONCLUSIONS

professor of philosophy who did not want to die for Dantzig and who wished (so he said) to die for Hitler? Is it Luchaire, the lustful journalist whose daughter Corinne warms Abetz's bed? Is it Maurras, the "collaborator," the bilious ascetic who for thirty years has worked for dissension among the French under the guise of patriotism?

Who is it? Who? Give me the name!

I should like to recall the article which appeared in *Le Matin* during last winter, in which one of Hitler's anonymous lackeys wrote that Hitler had received the votes of his people, while Pétain had not received the votes of the French.

That is true.

General de Gaulle, himself, receives every day the votes of the French who come to enrol under the banner of the Croix de Lorraine, braving every risk and danger.

I came to London, hounded by the police, but also, it can be said, representing thousands and thousands of French men and women.

I write these lines in favour of a man whom I admire because he symbolises the spirit of French resistance, just as Mr. Churchill symbolises, for my compatriots, the spirit of British resistance.

Those who know me know also my independence. They know that I am not given to flattery, that above all else, with Liberty, I love Truth.

I could write much more, but to what end? There is no need for more words. War must be waged.

LONDON

March-April 1942

